

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART



NO. 1865

FEBRUARY 1, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

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# THE CITY OF THE SOUL

## By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

*This volume was issued anonymously in May, 1899. The first edition of 500 was exhausted within a few months of publication, and a second edition of 500 was issued in December, 1899.*

*Owing to the failure of the Publisher the book has been unobtainable for several years. 150 copies, all that remain of the second edition, are now offered for sale at the original published price, 5/- net, by MESSRS. BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, from whom alone they can be obtained.*

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

#### The Late Mr. LIONEL JOHNSON in the OUTLOOK in an Article entitled "A Great Unknown."

"The title of these arresting poems is taken from that of an opening set of four sonnets, and it well describes and defines the writer's poetical attitude. . . . Here is not the impeccable dulness of an accomplished imitator, of the soulless craftsman who has caught some master's style; behind or within these poems is a personality. The pieces which will probably win most admirers are three ballads. . . . Youth in its white, fresh grace, its wistfulness and joyousness, wonder and simplicity, sings and sighs in these ballads, of which one is a legend, one historical, and the third a beautiful invention. . . . But possibly finer than these fine fantasies are the more personal, or at least more intimately conceived and meditative poems. . . . Let the reader turn to 'Rejected,' a mystical lyric worthy of Blake and impossible to describe otherwise; if he has any sense of poetry he will feel and confess that we have here an authentic poet. Among crowds of clever versifiers here comes a poet."

#### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Delicate imagination and sense of words are not the only qualities that entitle 'The City of the Soul' to peculiar distinction. The writer adds to these a technical judgment no less completely at home with the ballad than with the lyrical or sonnet form. As a criticism of verse, this would be exhaustive praise. But these pieces contain just that element of passion which transforms skilful verse into fine poetry. . . . The ballad soliloquy 'Perkin Warbeck' is extraordinarily good. . . . Among the rest of the poems are two translations from 'Les Fleurs du Mal.' In daintiness of expression, often married to exotic sentiment, the translator himself has no slight affinity with Baudelaire. The book is full of things which tempt one to linger."

#### THE SUNDAY SPECIAL.

"This poignant accomplished singer."

#### "A PARISIAN" IN THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them — and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems — first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stephane Mallarme, were not slow to applaud."

"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit, I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature, or be animated by the Elizabethan 'Souffle' . . . . and surely it is this 'Souffle,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses . . . . The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the *frisson* of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

#### The Late MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON IN THE ACADEMY.

"He has a rich sense of language, a true gift of mellifluous versification. Few poems are without cunning and iridescent diction; and all have a rich, youthful passion for beauty which is in itself an inspiration. . . . No poem at once complete and brief enough for quotation will exhibit altogether the glow of his diction, the luxuriance of his fancy, and the melodious quality of his verse."

#### MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me, as poets — how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified (taking my view of it) in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

#### THE STANDARD.

"The verses have a character of their own, and are at times quite exquisite in point of workmanship . . . . this accomplished and skilful hand."

#### THE SCOTSMAN.

"This is a book of anonymous poetry of a rare distinction . . . . This is a verse of the proud kind that scorns a vulgar appreciation, and looks for the approbation of connoisseurs. . . . In all these the feeling is always wrought to a high pitch of intensity, yet cautiously and solemnly, without weakness of hysterics."

#### THE TIMES.

"He is by turns aesthetic and introspective, and is at his best in his ballads, especially the ballad of 'St. Vitus,' almost every stanza of which is a Pre-Raphaelite picture."

#### THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"These are the verses of a poet. The volume is small, but it would be most unjust to call it the production of a minor bard. . . . It is a work of a remarkably high order. The author has achieved great distinction in his sonnets. . . . Indeed, all through the book one comes upon lines which are astonishing in their beauty and their distinction . . . . a poet who proves himself capable of the very highest work. There can be no doubt as to the fate of these poems."

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#### THE STAR.

"The fresh, clear voice of a poet sounds unmistakably in 'The City of the Soul.' I have no space for a tenth of the glorious poetry with which this little volume is strewed . . . . a scroll of poems this which before many days will set the world wondering, and the name of the author? Well, the world will know it also before long. He cannot disguise his genius."

#### "N.O.B." IN THE ECHO.

"A new poet who is of serious account is something of a rarity to-day. Yet such I fancy is a true desc'rption of the anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul.' The lovely little ballad of 'St. Vitus' is one of the most arresting things in the volume, for here it is that the formal grace of the anonymous poet makes its first irresistible appeal . . . . But to my mind the new bard's claim to attention might be established on a single poem. Scarce a line is there of 'Wine of Summer' which Keats might not have contentedly signed."

#### THE SUN.

"His thoughts are poetic and so is his expression of them. He is a master of technique, and he has in his lines a lilt and a rhythm that is musical and fascinating. His 'Perkin Warbeck' is an exquisite specimen of the ballad. . . . The whole book is full of gems."

#### THE GLASGOW HERALD.

"Nothing could be finer than the treatment of these subjects (the ballad of 'St. Vitus' and 'Perkin Warbeck'), and they clearly show that the author, whoever he is, possesses the ballad-making faculty. . . . Some fine lyrics and sonnets help to illuminate the volume."

#### THE DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

"Work of so fine a cast ought to have borne the author's name. Only rarely amongst books of poems published nowadays does one appear distinguished by such really lovely and lofty fancy. . . . One or two of the poems are introspective without being morbid: some have their music and colour taken direct from nature, and convey much the same impressions as may be derived from exquisite water-colour drawings. Others are like dreams that 'go out like tapers,' caught and preserved in magic lines."

#### THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

"The anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul' has genuine talent. . . . He moves easily and gracefully in various measures; he has imagination and sense of colour and an excellently full vocabulary."

#### THE WESTERN MAIL.

"From the first page to the last every piece has not only something, but a good deal to lift it above the common-place. . . . Indeed, although we are afraid to say it, we thought we recognised sometimes a *timbre* of which no other English poet than Swinburne is capable."

#### THE BRITISH MERCURY.

"We need only read the opening pages of this little book to be amply convinced that it is the work of a true poet."

"The poem begins with a sequence of four sonnets. They ought to be carefully pondered over by the reader. . . . For ourselves we regard them as the crowning effort of his genius. . . . The writer of this book handles the ballad with consummate skill."

#### THE IRISH INDEPENDENT.

"This is a volume of poetry to which the author does not append his name. We admire his modesty. . . . They appear to us to be suffused with the colour and the atmosphere we find in Keats. . . . We shall eagerly look forward for another volume by the same writer."

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"The anonymous author of 'The City of the Soul' has indubitable power, rich imagery, and a deep vein of thought. There is an intensity about his utterances which grips the reader, and the plangent tone reaches the heart. . . . As a proof of a different power take the subtle 'Impression de Nuit,' the picture of London which this author can trace in fire and blackness, in marvel and misery."

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Evening Standard is, we believe, a "Conservative" journal. This is the fashion after which it comments on the theft of the late Archbishop Richard's palace:

A crowd of monarchists and friends, some 3,000 in number, conveyed him with much show of pomp and indignation, which fell rather flat, to the house of the devoted adherent of the Church, M. Denys Cochim.

And the agreeable Evening Standard adds in its pleasant, reminiscent vein:

By a strange irony of fortune, the palace which Mgr. Richard had just quitted was promptly turned over to the Ministry of Labour, which is presided over by M. Viviani, who has given frank expression in the Chamber to his atheistic views.

And one wonders what it is precisely that this "Conservative" organ exists to "conserve." Not the rights of property, surely, since the title of the chief pastor of Paris to a house in his archdiocese must be considerably more than a thousand years old. Not the true democratic principle, which leaving the hereditary noble, the hereditary peasant proprietor the just enjoyment of that which they have inherited, takes care that there shall be some career open to talent as apart from descent, that there shall be a few prizes left for those who are not so fortunate as to be born rich and distinguished. Not religion, certainly, unless the "frank" M. Viviani, the atheist (why is an atheist always "frank," and a Christian always "bigoted"?) is the representative of the religion of the future. What, then, does the Evening Standard desire to conserve? Well, there are fourteen columns in the issue from which we have quoted devoted to such matters as "Latest Tape Prices," "Market Movements," "Wall Street Cables," "Closing Prices," "Dividends and Reports." One wonders whether there were any hot-headed Cavaliers who felt that the enthusiasm over King Charles the Martyr was overdone, and fell rather flat, that it was funny to think of Cromwell in Whitehall, and that after all the best thing was to "do business," and to see what could be done with the widow and orphan—in affliction, certainly, but still with a small capital awaiting invest-

ment. Conservatism? Mr. Sikes was a violent fellow, but at least he is not recorded to have professed an oily enthusiasm for the Decalogue.

We commented last week on the curious fact that youth or youthfulness is so often alleged against writers in newspapers as a term of reproach, and in the *Sphere* of January 25th Mr. Clement Shorter gives us one more case in point. Mr. Shorter is annoyed, and quite rightly so, because someone in the *Daily Graphic* has been advising him to read his Milton and Shakespeare. Mr. Shorter says, "I note that some youthful writer in the *Daily Graphic* has," etc; and again, "The youthful impertinence of the *Daily Graphic* writer was doubtless due to an interregnum caused by a change of editor." The implied assumption is that only very young people are ever impertinent, but experience shows that impertinence, or, to speak more correctly, impudence, is by no means confined to youth, nor even particularly characteristic of it. We can think of several middle-aged people who could give points in impudence to a whole college of undergraduates. For ourselves, when, as occasionally happens, people say very rude things about us, we prefer to think of them as victims of senile decay. The insults of youth can be borne with comparative equanimity, but the gibes of the bearded and the abuse of the bald are hard to bear.

It appears that Father Adderley has been inviting a Mr. P. W. Wilson to "preach Protestantism" to his congregation of working-men at Saltley. One would have thought that the energies of a Catholic priest would have been more fittingly directed to the suppression than to the encouragement of "false doctrine, heresy, and schism." This, however, is by the way. What is of interest is the mental attitude of the Protestant preacher, as revealed in a recent issue of our Nonconformist contemporary, the *Daily News*. Mr. Wilson is careful to inform his readers that "the Hon. and Rev. J. G. Adderley . . . is brother to Lord Norton, and, therefore, almost a peer of the realm." The statement, coming as it does from a representative of our free and independent Protestant democracy, is too delightful to require comment. As if, however, the cup of Mr. Wilson's bliss was not already quite full, we are subsequently informed that the Protestant preacher was permitted to meet and converse with another Anglican priest, "also related to various aristocratic titles." Truly, a red-letter day in the life of Mr. P. W. Wilson! We understand that Mr. Wilson is the recently-returned Radical Member for South St. Pancras, and we congratulate South St. Pancras on its acquisition of so virile an exponent of democratic sentiment.

We protest against the indiscriminate publication of names in Police-court cases, and are amazed that some of our respectable daily contemporaries should fall into this solecism against public order. During the past few weeks the following case has been proceeding. A perfectly honourable foreign lady was charged with shop-lifting, on December 20, by a well-known Regent Street firm. After having been arrested and charged before Mr. Mead, she was released on bail. On January 25 she surrendered to bail a second time. The lady then went into the witness-box, and on the conclusion of her evidence the counsel for the prosecution, Sir Charles Matthews, said that he had listened carefully to her evidence, which "was verified by witnesses called on her behalf, and if the magistrate should feel a doubt in his mind, or find that the effect would be to make a jury feel that the case should be

dismissed, he would be perfectly content to leave the case where it stood. Mr. Mead said he was very glad that the evidence of *the lady* impressed Sir Charles as favourably as it did himself. She gave her evidence in a clear, composed, and dignified way. . . . He was satisfied with the explanation she had given. It was much to be regretted that a lady of her position should have been a subject of suspicion, but it was an unfortunate circumstance for which no one was to blame."

Possibly not, but nevertheless the lady had been arrested, had had to appear three times before the magistrate, and has to pay her solicitor, Mr. Barrington Matthews, and her counsel, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Bruce, for conducting her defence. On the third hearing the charge against her is dismissed after nearly a month's vexation and annoyance. The publication of her name at all, before she had been committed for trial even, could serve no purpose whatever. It will injure the prosecutors, in spite of any justification they may have had in bringing the charge. Customers who cannot be bothered to carry about with them elaborate guarantees of their status and character, will avoid dealing with them; and an entirely superfluous and irreparable injury has been done by the Press to an innocent and honourable person. Had the lady been of a different character, it would have been quite soon enough to publish her name, *after* she had been committed for trial. Our quotations are made from the pages of a contemporary of high reputation; we print "*the lady*" where our contemporary, by unaccountable lapse from decency, prints her name. "*Wragge*" has been "*in custody*," and that fact still appears to our contemporaries generally a sufficient reason for blasting a reputation as far as it is within their power to do so. As regards the Regent Street firm, we give them the benefit of Mr. Mead's remark that no one was to blame, otherwise we would print their name without the lady's, and take care that our remarks should be copied by the Continental Press.

At a well-known bookseller's shop in Piccadilly there is a certain gentleman who has, by careful and deferential treatment of that portion of "Society" which likes to think itself "literary," raised himself from a very humble position to one of trust and affluence. Mr. — has lately taken to giving advice, not only of a positive kind (which was harmless and pleased those who mistook the shop assistant's tricks of the trade for a real knowledge of books), but of a negative kind. Thus, in the case of a book which was the work of some author who had incurred the displeasure of this "adviser in literature to the aristocracy," he actually strongly advised a chance customer, a lady, not to buy it, and offered her something of the same sort, "only a good deal better." The lady in question was a simple soul, and would not have ventured to dispute the judgment of so renowned a critic, but she happened to be the aunt of the author of the book, and as she was probably buying it more from a sense of family duty than for any other reason, she felt aggrieved, and ventilated her grievance, and it was then discovered that other inquirers for the same book had fared in the same manner in the same shop. Now these people are looking out for a bookseller's where the methods of the cheap drug-store are not in use, and the matter having been reported to the publisher of the book, there is some talk of a possibility of further developments. We shall await these with great interest.

It was at the same highly fashionable "resort" that the writer of this note once tried to obtain a copy of Barnfield's poems. He mentioned that they were published in the English Scholar's Library, and the omniscient gentleman to whom we have referred graciously promised to get him a copy if possible. Months, and finally years, went by, and still it was apparently impossible to obtain a copy, although no particular limit as to price had been mentioned, and although the gentleman referred to assured him that he had advertised for the book and made every conceivable effort to obtain a copy. About three years after the commission to obtain the book had elapsed, the search was abandoned, and some three weeks afterwards the writer of this note commented to a friend on the extraordinary difficulty of getting Barnfield's poems. The friend, who was wise, merely smiled, and appeared on the following day with two copies of the book, purchased at Glashier's in the Strand, where there had been all the time a plentiful supply of these volumes in the identical before-mentioned "English Scholar's Library" Series, and at the original price!

It is to be supposed that daily newspapers know their own business best, but it is sometimes very hard to understand the principle on which they apportion their space to various topics. For instance, that admirable journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, has thought it necessary to have half a column or so almost every day for the last three weeks in the most prominent part of the paper concerning the marriage of a certain Miss Gladys Vanderbilt to "a young Hungarian nobleman," of the name of Count Szechenyi. A visitor from another planet, on seeing this prominence given to a marriage, would naturally suppose that it excited the greatest interest in England. But the truth is that not one person in a hundred thousand in England had ever heard of Count Szechenyi or Miss Gladys Vanderbilt until all the violent and unnecessary publicity was given to them. In England people of infinitely greater social importance than the Vanderbilts are constantly being married, and no fuss at all is made about it; and if people are vulgar enough to spend £50,000 on a wedding the depressing fact remains a secret between themselves and their bankers. Why, then, we ask, is this ridiculous prominence given to the doings of absolutely insignificant people? We ask purely for information.

An important legal decision has been recently given by the Court of Appeal equally interesting to the Press and the public. Mr. F. B. Mason, proprietor of the *Tenby Observer*, appealed from a judgment of the late Mr. Justice Kekewich, granting to the Tenby Borough Council an injunction excluding Mr. Mason from their meetings. The Court of Appeal upheld the judgment, and the Master of the Rolls said that no member of the public, whether he was a burgess or not, had a right to attend the meetings without the permission of the Council. We know nothing of the quarrel between Mr. Mason and the Tenby Council, but the gratitude of the public is due to Mr. Mason for having upheld its rights by bringing the action. We are by no means extreme advocates of the liberty of the Press in cases where publication merely excites morbid curiosity, but if it is to be of any service to the public at all, the meetings of local governing bodies, among which the most shameless nepotism and corruption are rampant, are precisely the occasions when the liberty of the Press is of the utmost value to the public. As a legal correspondent of our contemporary, the *Morning Post*, points out, in commenting on this case:

"Closed doors may result in a Star Chamber in a legal body or wholesale corruption in an administration." He remarks further that local inquiries at Poplar, West Ham and elsewhere have shown the necessity of publicity in order to check to some extent this wholesale corruption. As long as local affairs are "run" on political or sectarian lines, or with regard to the interests of secret societies, some check on nepotism and corruption is as much as we can expect.

The most important features in the speeches delivered at the opening of Parliament are Lord Lansdowne's remarks on the failure of the Government to attempt to deal with the House of Lords, which it represents as the main impediment to legislation; his attack, and that of Mr. Balfour, on Mr. McKenna's administration; and the faintness of Mr. Birrell's defence of Mr. McKenna. We do not pretend that the last implies disagreement within the Government, for we are not political partisans. It was not Mr. Birrell's business to defend Mr. McKenna, and the fact that he only did so tamely does not warrant the assumption that he radically disapproves of his administration; it merely reminds us that his own action while he held the same office was totally different. Criticism of the Government's education policy is peculiarly within the province of a literary journal, but Lord Lansdowne's and Mr. Balfour's criticism of its administration deals with a more important question, and one of still wider interest. Both statesmen corroborate the charges which we have repeatedly made against Mr. McKenna, of *usurping the functions of the Legislature*. We quote from Lord Lansdowne's speech:

Upon education I will only say this one word. I am full of gratitude to the Government for announcing that their proposals are to take the form of a Bill, because the recent action of the Education Minister has suggested the idea that he considers himself free to dispense with the assistance, not only of the House of Lords, but of the House of Commons also, and by executive action of his own department to do things not only not authorised by any existing statute but diametrically opposed to the spirit of the existing law.

### THE WATCH BELOW

The bell has sounded and the watch is done,  
The dawn enlightens all the darkened sea—  
That cold relentless friend of such as we—  
The bell has sounded, brother: soon the sun.

No more to stare on dreary sheets of foam,  
No more to scan the stars in any wise,  
No more to clamber riggings hard with ice;  
Lo! on the port repeat the lights of home.

Oh, we were weary, weary, and the best  
That life could give us was to plough the main  
Through the wide night till dawn loomed up again;  
But God at last has covered us with rest.

The bell has sounded, 'tis the watch's knell;  
Let us make haste below where it is warm,  
Out of the cold and fog, the dark and storm:  
The bell has sounded, brothers. All is well.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

## LITERATURE

### NOCTIUM PHANTASMATA

*A History of the Christian Church since the Reformation.* By S. CHEETHAM, D.D. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

THE title of this book is an improper one. The Christian Church is composed of the Latin, Greek, and Anglican obediences: neither the Baptist, Lutheran, Calvinist, Moravian, Presbyterian, or any other sect has any claim to be included under the style which Archdeacon Cheetham has chosen. True, a Lutheran, having been duly baptised, is a Christian; but there is no such thing as a Lutheran Church. And, again, by no stretching of terms can the Oneida Community be termed Christian, and it must be a large charity indeed which could apply the term to the followers of Mary Baker Eddy. This defect of title apart, the book is to be commended as a useful work of reference, as a storehouse of names, and facts, and dates. Of course, in the compass of five hundred pages it would be foolish to expect minute detail or anything approaching it; the history of Christendom and of the Christian and semi-Christian sects for the last three hundred years is too complicated a matter to be dealt with effectively in so small a space. Still, Dr. Cheetham has provided an excellent skeleton outline, and if one wants to know the dates at which American Calvinism passed into Unitarianism, and Unitarianism again into amiable (or apparently amiable) deliquescence, these things are to be found in this "History of the Christian Church." Here and there, perhaps, there are statements which are questionable: it is doubtful whether the author has made sufficient allowance for the survival of the Laudian (and Catholic) teaching into the eighteenth century, and even into the nineteenth. Dr. Johnson was not a Latitudinarian, and Dr. Routh was alive in the 'fifties of the last century; and one must not forget that during the darkest days of Whiggery in the sanctuary there was a certain Bishop of Sodor and Man so famed for Apostolic holiness that the French King ordered that his see should be left untouched in time of war. Again, the notice of John George Gichtel, the disciple of Böhme, should have contained a reference to the Theosophic Correspondence of St. Martin and Liebistorf, and one is sorry to see that the index contains no reference either to St. Martin or to his master, Martinez Pasqually. Still, after all deductions, this story of the Church and the heretics remains, as we have said, a very useful book.

Useful, perhaps, above all, as giving us in a brief compass a comprehensive view of multiform, multi-coloured error. To read it is as though one saw a succession of nightmares thrown on the white sheet by the magic lantern; and as we read we realise that we hold, each one of us, all these heresies potentially in our hearts. Just as every man is potentially a madman, so is every man potentially a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a follower of Elias Eller, a Latter-Day Saint. We know what fantasies we gladly harbour in our dreams, what wild seas we navigate, what horrors we perpetrate without horror and without astonishment. And in waking also most men trespass into paths that lead to no sane abodes; moment by moment we skirt the region of the monstrous, and do so with a kind of pleasure, as some will walk by the edge of a high cliff, testing the imagined terror of the fall upon the rocks, well aware that they are in no real danger. Well, we can do these things and be secure against madness so long as we

are careful to keep within certain bounds, so long as we are conscious all the while of our true standpoint in reality. But, let this standpoint be forgotten for a moment; then the fantasie dreamer is in danger of becoming a raging madman. And, again, there are certain dreams which, in a sense, are true—as dreams—which once translated into the logical speech of waking hours are at once transformed into maniacal or ridiculous delusions. And so with many or most of the sects which have flourished, which flourish still to the prejudice of good art, holy living, and clear thinking: to the destruction of all true religion where they reign unchallenged. Once these schemes and systems were, perhaps, harmless if fantastic dreams, some certainly were nightmares from the first; still, if a man wakes up and shakes the ugly fancy from him, not much harm is done. If Calvin had kept his monstrous system of Ill Will to Men in some odd corner of his brain, as one keeps an ugly idol in a locked drawer, how much misery, how much horror, how much of hideousness, how much atheism and blasphemy had been spared the world. St. Augustine, we may believe, had seen all that Calvin saw, and was able to refrain himself in time; and it may be that there is no extreme madness of these our days, no crack-brained error of the craziest sect in all the United States of America that has not been presented to the vision of some one or other of the most illuminated saints. And it may be that the distinction between the heresiarch and the saint is chiefly in this: that whereas the inventor of heresy sees a great deal, the saint sees all, beholds the beautiful error trailing away into a hideous serpent, whose slime befools the earth, whose breath blasts all that is lovely. Literally it is not likely that St. Austin foresaw the work of the Covenanters, the Salem of Cotton Mather's time, or modern Glasgow on Sunday; but it is probable that he saw images and similitudes of these desolations and abominations, and realised that the ladder whose first step seemed so firm and so fair led to no pleasure or paradise, but to the fields of burning marl. The first saints of the Church could reason gently with Pagans; violence they reserved for the dissenters or Gnostics. A child is, in the natural order, ignorant about many things, unreasonable about most things; in this ignorance and unreason there is nothing uncomely, and we teach the child better, and the more kindly we teach, the more swiftly will the child be enlightened. But very differently do we treat the grown man who sees snakes crawling over his bed, the grown woman who has a mission from heaven to cut her children's throats, since delirium tremens and homicidal mania are far removed from the ignorant simplicity of tender years; nor is homicidal mania mitigated at all if it be complicated with religious melancholia. We do not scold a little boy because he does not pile his wooden bricks into a form that recalls St. Peter's at Rome; we have every reason to scold the people of mature years who build, or cause to be built, the hideous structures called Dissenting Meeting-houses.

Procul recedant somnia  
Et noctium phantasmata.

### BARTOLOZZI

Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A. By J. T. H. BAILY. (Connoisseur, Extra Number. Otto and Co., 5s. net.)

To the collector of artistic small ware, such as prints and drawings, irrespective of anything but its intrinsic beauty or its historical interest, the name of Bartolozzi is a continual exasperation. He (the collector) discovers a fresh and distinctly promising-looking shop, but his enquiry for anything in the way of

prints is met with a reflective shake of the head and "We've no Bartolozzi"—as though there were nothing else fit to be considered. His fair friends, to whom he is displaying his collection, ask pointedly, or disappointedly, if he hasn't got any Bartolozzi; while his sister or, worse still, his wife, shows him a Bartolozzi which she has picked up for a tenth of its market value, and he has not even the satisfaction of knowing enough about it to point out that it is an undoubted "fake." A plague on these alien immigrants!

At the same time, it is no use denying to Bartolozzi the high place to which his talent and industry undoubtedly entitle him; and though stipple engraving was by no means the only, or even the best, method of reproducing the works of Reynolds and others who in Bartolozzi's time were making English art famous, there is no question that in his own line he was a superlative craftsman, and we need have no hesitation in allowing him one of the foremost places in the history of his art.

Making due allowance for the absurd over-estimation in which Bartolozzi is held by a host of fair or foolish collectors, of whom most have never heard of anybody else, and many could hardly be expected to tolerate anything but ecstatic praise of their idol, Mr. Baily has certainly produced a very useful and acceptable book. A hundred excellent reproductions of the prints, most of them in colour, are a feast in themselves; and Mr. Baily's biographical sketch is a very suitable accompaniment to the banquet, saying much that is interesting about the artist and some of his contemporaries, without going too deeply or seriously into his subject. Nobody is always right, and there are various occasions on which he incurs the liability of contradiction—as in stating that Sir Peter Lely was a German, or that Bartolozzi's prints were directly inspired by the Italian Renaissance—but as a whole it is a very pleasant and useful sketch.

For the long and important Appendix I. ("A List of Published Engravings by Bartolozzi") it is difficult to believe that Mr. Baily himself can be responsible, and we can only suppose that it was left in other hands. The number, no less than the nature, of the mistakes in it makes mention of them imperative, and we can only regret the oversight (for it can hardly be otherwise) of letting the list go out as it is. Half an hour's work on it would have sufficed. Many of the errors are obvious to any reader—such as "Ranelagh Mosque" for "Ranelagh Masque," "Colia" for "Celia" in "As You Like It" (this occurs twice), "Aemilius Paulus and her Children," "Sacriledge," "Elliott, T. Knight" for "Sir Thomas Elliott," "Raphael Zanzio" and "Raffael pincs" in two consecutive lines, "Confirmation" for "Confirmation," or "Triolus and Cressida." But there are others by which collectors who have no special, or even general, knowledge of art and artists might easily be misled. Such are the names of painters given as R. Westal, B. Rebecca, P. da Cartona, Dom Zampieri, Coates, W. Marten, Andrea Vanechi. Worse still are such entries as the two following:

Northumberland. Duke of : Hugh Smithson.  
Spencer, Countess : G. Pointz.

which, from the form adopted throughout the appendix, would imply that Smithson and Pointz were the painters of the portraits. Nor is the following quite happy:

Spencer, Countess : G. Pointz—  
Ditto with naked shoulders.  
Woman with a Turban.

It is obvious, in fact, that whoever compiled, or copied, this appendix knew nothing of the subject in hand, and was not even a competent indexer.

## PARLIAMENTARY HASH

*Fourteen Years in Parliament.* By A. S. T. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, late M.P. for the Tonbridge Division. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE sort of Parliamentary hash which is provided in this book by Mr. Boscawen, whom we remember as a fluent speaker with a rather strident voice at the Oxford Union, is not without its uses, provided it be tolerably served. And we must say at once that the cook is not a bad one. But the mess is at best but reference journalism, and cannot be treated as history, and so strong is the prejudice of the present reviewer against anything of the former kind making an attempt to pass as the latter, that he has attempted to draw a line between the two by leaving uncriticised the last hundred pages of the book. The procedure may be illogical, and the line drawn at the retirement of Lord Salisbury, somewhat arbitrary; but the compromise is consoling to his mind.

The author, one of the Conservatives slaughtered at the polls of 1906, is a strong party man and does not pretend to be anything else; but his boasted attempt to be fair to his opponents may be granted to be successful upon the whole. So that they and the general reader may use his record, if they will. Moreover, as we shall see, he shows that there were times when party had not entire possession of his soul.

We wish that his spelling and composition were equally blameless. He is terribly fond of that literary bugbear, the improper use of the words "phenomenon" and "phenomenal"; writes of something being "fully availed of," of one thing as "different to" another, and "the latter" in reference to the last of several; whilst he employs the unusual forms "aggressive" and "sized," and misspells the name of a former Russian Ambassador and more than one member of Parliament. Yet we believe Mr. Boscawen took a first class at his University, and has, presumably, enjoyed some leisure of late.

There is no question here of the *quorum pars magna fui*; and Mr. Boscawen's name does not figure once in the useful index appended to his work. Yet he was something more than a mere spectator, having been Parliamentary Secretary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Parliamentary Charity Commissioner—"a curious position which carries with it no salary, and the holder of which ceases to be a private member without becoming a member of the Government." The former point of vantage enables the author to let his readers into the secret of the restorative used by his chief on Budget days and to retail one of those tempestuous asides by which he relieved himself on occasion. Moreover, Mr. Boscawen has always been a zealous member of the Church party, and on at least one occasion successfully moved the rejection of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In this connection we note his denial of the supposed Cecil plot, by means of which that now triumphant measure was once prevented from reaching Grand Committee. "It was the absolutely spontaneous action of a large number of members who felt that they had not been treated quite fairly"—nay, more: "among the most conspicuous loiterers, I saw some of the oldest and most respected members of the Cabinet."

In reference to the second reading of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill (the last one), we get a quaint little piece of revelation as to the methods of Parliamentary orators:—

For my part, I rose in my place eleven times before I could fire off a speech, for which I had hastily prepared an equal number of

*impromptu exordia* to rebut the statements of the previous speaker, a well-known device calculated to make the speech appear extempore.

Another personal incident which Mr. Boscawen quite pardonably introduces is that of his being dragged out of his bed (to which he was confined with influenza), and driven down to the House in a closed carriage to support a vote of censure. "When I got there I was placed in a warm room behind the Speaker's chair, where were two other Unionist members in the same condition as myself; in the Opposition room were three supporters of the Government, similarly situated." It was a case for pairs, as he remarks: as it was, "we all risked our lives and doubtless spread the influenza germs far and wide through the Palace of Westminster." Some years later, the member for Tonbridge, though in general faithful enough to the call of the party whip, on one occasion preferred a college dinner to Parliamentary duty.

In an early chapter of his book Mr. Boscawen, in recording Mr. Gladstone's retirement (which he thinks was occasioned by his unwillingness to deal with the Welsh Church question), praises his "marvellous old-world courtesy," and naively remarks: "I remember that he sat through my maiden speech, which is more than any of my own leaders did."

As to these last, Mr. Chamberlain is obviously his hero, though Mr. Balfour's dexterity is appreciated, and his wide and generous sympathy towards the Church, "of which he is usually believed not to be a member," gratefully acknowledged.

We are glad also to see that so ardent a Tariff Reformer is fair to the unfortunate Mr. Brodrick, who has had to bear an undue amount of obloquy; and his remark on one of Mr. Wyndham's "beautifully phrased speeches"—that as it gave satisfaction neither to the Nationalists nor to the Ulster party, it was "probably an exceedingly wise one"—commends itself to our judgment.

Our Parliamentary recorder severely criticises Conservative Cabinet appointments, especially those of 1900, and his dictum that the reconstruction of that year amounted to "a sort of twentieth-century reproduction of the old Whig system in the eighteenth century" is quite felicitous. He admits that in the first session of the Unionist Government of 1895 things were shockingly mismanaged; that the committee on the Jameson Raid was unsatisfactory, "and the matter remained an unsolved mystery"; that the Conservatives were "far too easy-going" about Ministerial directorships of companies; and he thought that Mr. Balfour's new rules of procedure were "the chief causes of the disintegration of our party." Nor does he defend the way in which Mr. Balfour on two notable occasions threw over two of his colleagues, though one of these was Sir John Gorst—certainly not a favourite with the writer.

Mr. Boscawen acted with the small band of members who advocated a Chinese policy less cautious than Lord Salisbury's. He confesses, however, that the China party had no debating "giants"; and concedes that, not having the information open to the Government or their breadth of outlook, the action of the group may have been ill advised. The question whether the rise of Japan is likely or not to prove of ultimate advantage to the world has been propounded before, but it is none the less a highly pertinent one.

One is glad to find that the author's experience in the matter of the National Telephone Company and other questions has led him to Burke's view of the functions of a member of Parliament, "that a member must not be a mere delegate, but owes to his constituents the use of his judgment."

We do not share the ex-member's views of the complete futility of debates on the Address, and are of

opinion that he does something less than justice to the career of the late Lord Ritchie. He is capable on occasion of making merry over the weaknesses of his own particular favourites as well as of those with whom he has little sympathy. Thus in treating of Mr. Chaplin's conduct in Committee of the Agricultural Rating Bill, he remarks that the then President of the Local Government Board "made really great speeches on the smallest amendments," so much so that it was remarked that he seemed to consider it "not a Rating, but a perorating Bill." We only hope that the conversation that is supposed to have taken place on the Treasury Bench, the outcome of which was Mr. Balfour's tardy perception of the advantages of a legal training, may have been historical.

It probably, however, gave Mr. Boscawen more genuine pleasure to tell his readers that Mr. Ian Malcolm once explained to him "that he occupied a middle position between Mr. Balfour and the Free Fooders"—a place he confesses that he himself "could not find on any map." But here we are trenching on that dire fiscal question which we have vowed to ourselves to keep outside this review.

In treating of his political opponents, Mr. Boscawen is sometimes very severe, but seldom patently unjust. This last epithet should, however, one thinks, in view of recent information, be applied to his description of Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule as "sudden." The present Premier, we are told, only escaped succeeding Mr. Peel as Speaker ("he was undoubtedly covetous of the position and excellently qualified") because "he was the only Cabinet Minister who was on speaking terms with all the other members of the Rosebery Cabinet!" He admits, too, that the Conservatives underrated his "tenacity" when in Opposition.

Two *obiter dicta* met with in the book are amusing—that apropos of Mr. Yoxall, the Liberal representative of the N.U.T.—"Elementary school teachers are always well dressed"; and that evoked by the late Sir Michael Foster's opposition to the Pure Beer Bill—that scientists "regarded the making of anything out of something different from what the public expected as progress." The Welsh farmer "who had previously supported disestablishment, hoping to get rid of the tithe," but when he heard that the money was to go to museums said that "he would sooner support the parson than an old bones house," is still, it is to be hoped in existence.

Mr. Boscawen writes well and dispassionately, considering the nearness of the events, of the South African War. He has, however, his own little fling at the War Office in reference to the delay in the granting of his own leave from garrison duty in Malta. His account of the two worst "scenes" in the House during his career is of some interest. In the free fight during the Home Rule debates of '93 he declares that "no real damage was done," but that débris were collected in the shape of "a broken arm of a bench, some buttons, several shirt studs, and a false tooth." He recalls the fact that during the prolonged committee proceedings of this period, when the terrace became "the most fashionable lounge in London," passengers on the penny steamers used to chaff members, calling out to them "to go in and look after the Home Rule Bill."

These are a few of the humours of the book; but the recorder is, all the while, very much in earnest, and expresses his opinion that the best speech he ever heard in Parliament was one of those fervid lay sermons for which Lord Hugh Cecil, in the last Parliament, became famous. And, as we hinted at the beginning, there are evidences in this book, however slight its claims to be read as history, that its author is something more than a mere party politician.

## THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS: 1544—1907

*The Stage Censor. A Historical Sketch, 1544-1907,*  
by G. M. G. Illustrated. (Sampson Low, 1s. 6d.  
net.)

THOSE persons—and they appear to be tolerably numerous just now—who are interested in the long quarrel between the English dramatists and the Licensor of Plays, should be grateful to G. M. G. In his book, "The Stage Censor," he sums up for them in a brief hundred and twenty pages the history of the relations between State and Stage in England during the past three hundred and fifty years in a vivacious and interesting manner. A writer in the *Times* recently published two very instructive articles on the subject, full of information extracted from reports of commissions and other not very accessible works. But those articles dealt mainly with the Post-Walpole Censorship. Sir Robert is, of course, the father of the institution in its modern form. G. M. G., on the contrary, devotes a large part of his volume to the earlier period, when the drama was still under the control of the King's Master of the Revels. The history of the censorship in this country is not a pretty one from whatever point of view one regards it. Neither English art nor English statesmanship cuts a very creditable figure in it. We have instances of tyranny and oppression, instances of dubious financial practice, instances without end of crass stupidity, and, lastly, a general flavour of corruption, political and otherwise, which produce an impression the reverse of agreeable. From Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels of seventeenth century days, squabbling over his fees and receiving £3 from Mr. Hemmings, "for a courtesie done him about their Blackfriars Hous"—what was the nature of that "courtesie," we wonder?—to the younger Colman, Censor in the days of George IV., who made up for the laxity of his own plays by being ludicrously strict about everyone else's, the chronicle is equally odious and absurd. Colman is the gentleman who would not allow a lady to be called an "angel" on the stage because angels were beings of a celestial order, and, therefore, unfitted to be mentioned in a theatre. But that, of course, has been more or less the censorial attitude towards the drama in this country ever since a censorship has existed, and it is still the attitude of those persons who support the censorship as an institution. The theatre, according to these people, is a lewd and disreputable institution, which must be very carefully watched by specially-appointed guardians, lest it should get out of hand. Dramatists and managers are terrible fellows, who are only waiting for their chance to swoop down upon an innocent public with plays of the most blasphemous and indecent character. Only the interposition of the censorship prevents our playhouses from being flooded with the grossest improprieties, and if ever that beneficent check were withdrawn managers would "find themselves compelled"—that is the phrase—to stage entertainments of an objectionable character in order to fill their houses! Why theatre managers, any more than the members of any other decent calling, should "find themselves compelled" to do something which their own consciences do not approve does not appear, especially as we are told in the same breath that the production of these dubious entertainments would lead to riotous protests from the audiences, owing to the inherent virtue of the English people, and, therefore, must be prevented in the interests of public order. Theatre managers are not very intelligent people, but they can be trusted not to put up plays which would be both improper and un-

popular as well. However, that is not the view of the censorship and its supporters, their view for the last three hundred and fifty years having been that only assiduous watching can keep the playwright from the worst excesses. Of course, this attitude of the modern licenser is well meant, just as the identical attitude of the Master of the Revels was well meant. Theatres, being in their nature wicked, or at least frivolous institutions, must be strictly controlled, like other wicked or frivolous things and people. They must be prevented from laying their profane hands on subjects which religious or serious people take seriously. They may stage light farces and comedies "from the French," but they must not expose political abuses, and "angels" must not be mentioned on their stages. One can quite understand that such prohibitions were intended to put a salutary restraint on playwrights and purge their work from offence. But one can also understand how in practise such regulations had precisely the opposite effect. If you single out one of the arts for special police supervision, and frankly proclaim that you consider it unfit to deal with a large class of subjects which are allowed to its sister arts, the resultant degradation of that art is inevitable. If you cut it off from dealing with the higher, more vital and significant subjects, and confine it to the frivolous and the trivial, you are necessarily weakening its influence, starving its powers, and turning away the more vigorous minds from devoting themselves to it. In England the novel is free from all censorship other than that of the police. The drama is fettered by the ridiculous rule-of-thumb restrictions of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Hence it is to the novel or the essay that the man of letters who has anything to say turns as a vehicle of expression. While the man who writes for the theatre, if he is wise, frankly recognises that his business is to provide, not a drama which is a work of art or a criticism of life, but an entertainment, and shapes his plays accordingly. The result may be a quite amusing and even wholesome evening's entertainment, but it does not make for great drama. And if it be desirable for a nation that its art should be great rather than puny, even in so grovelling a sphere as that of the theatre, the attitude of the censorship is scarcely calculated to contribute to that result. But this is too large a question to go into in the limits of a brief review. We will only add that "The Stage Censor" is furnished with some interesting illustrations, including several portraits of men of letters and others who have been brought into collision with the Lord Chamberlain's licensing authority at various periods.

## NEW MEDIEVAL LIBRARY—II.

*Of the Tumbler of Our Lady and Other Miracles.*  
Translated from the Middle French, with introduction and notes, by ALICE KEMPE-WELCH. With eight illustrations. Title page, repeated on cover, designed by MISS B. C. HUNTER. New Medieval Library, vol. 2. (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net and 7s. 6d.)

In this second volume Mrs. Kempe-Welch gives us versions of the now well-known story, "Tombear nostre Dame," with the following other legends:—(1) How Our Lady appeared to a knight, said to be an Englishman, while he prayed; a story introduced into France by Abbot Eustache II. of St. Germer, at Flaix, who journeyed to England in 1200-1201; (2) how Our Lady fought at a tourney in the person of a knight who had forgotten to present himself at the lists, absorbed in his devotions to her, a story related by Jacobus de Voragine in "The Golden Legend"; (3) the story long

"La Vénus d'Ille," concerning Theophilus, the Eastern clerk, who placed a ring upon the finger of a statue of Venus or of the Virgin, as related in the "Gesta Romanorum" of William of Malmesbury, in the "Speculum Historiale" of Vincent of Beauvais, and elsewhere: (4) of the monk who daily recited in the Virgin's honour five psalms commencing with the letters of her name, Maria, and in whose mouth were found five miraculous roses after his death: (5) of the delivery of the city of Chartres from the army of the Norseman, Rollo, through the holy *camice* of the Virgin, presented to Charlemagne by the Empress Irene, and to the city by King Louis de Debonnaire: (6) of the drowning man saved by Our Lady's veil, a legend, if we mistake not, depicted on the south wall of the Lady Chapel at Winchester with many more: (7) of a Jew who took in pledge an image of the Virgin; a legend of the tenth century connected with the church of S. Sophia at Constantinople: and (8) of a renowned troubadour, Peter de Siglar, on whose head a lighted taper descended thrice as he prayed before the ancient shrine of Roc Amadour, in Lot. Most of these legends, as Mrs. Kempe-Welch tells us, are to be found in the MS. of Gautier de Coinci, in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, and in the MS. which belonged until recently to the Seminary at Soissons, and has now been seized by the Freemasons who govern France. We commend it to the attention of American millionaires. Fortunately it was edited by Poquet, in 1857, under a more liberal *régime*. Gautier de Coinci was a monk at Saint Médard, at Soissons, and later prior of Vic-sur-Aune, where he died at the age of 59, in 1236. His "Miracles de Nostre Dame" consists of a poem of 30,000 lines, written in a very elaborate style, with many "rhymes riches." He indulged in violent denunciations of the corruption of the clergy, of the evilness of the Jews and of all Christians who held any communication with them. A second collection was compiled by Jean de Marchant, a secular priest, of Chartres, about 1240. It was largely composed of legends connected with Chartres, which he patriotically also endowed with others actually belonging to Soissons. He borrowed much from Coinci, and both derived from a Latin collection made by Hugues Farsit in the twelfth century. There are also two other anonymous collections, with many isolated legends, such as versions of Theophilus and the ring, told, among many others, by Rustebœuf, who died about 1280; of Our Lady at the tourney; and of the "Tombear nostre Dame," a legend most widely spread, which may have been brought to Europe by Crusaders, even from India. We do not find that Mrs. Kempe-Welch tells us precisely from what originals her stories are derived. In the case of these legends, the French text is more than ever necessary to the appreciation of their beauty; the text of most of them has been published. Mrs. Kempe-Welch gives us excellent notes, among them information about Roc Amadour, and elaborate derivations of the ancient battle cry, "Monjoie." The latter are interesting but only partially credible. For "setueille" we suggest the translation, "lampern," a word which was, and for aught we know is still used in the western counties. Yarrell so designates the river—lamprey. Dame Juliana Berners recommends as bait for trout in April, "juneba, otherwyse named vii-eyes" ("setueille").

## ON UNBENDING OVER A NOVEL

I HAVE been allowed to take as a peg on which to hang a few remarks at large upon sensational fiction Mr. Joseph Conrad's recent novel, "The Secret Agent" (Methuen).

This is an excellent novel told in an appropriate manner. It is terrible, amusing, and convincing. There

would be impropriety in giving away the ingenious plot, for, being frankly a detective tale, it will be part of its charm for many readers that they do not know what to expect. But the plot is only one thing by which the book appeals. The drawing of the characters and the suggestion of the environments in which they move is completely skilful. Sometimes the effect of probability is obtained by the minutest touches and sometimes by the broadest lines, but whichever way Mr. Conrad works he shows himself an accurate as well as an imaginative observer of men and things. The leading villain, an *agent provocateur* and a lazy, verbose man; his wife, a smouldering fire; his mother-in-law, ready to endure all loss of personal dignity to secure the well-being of her weak-minded son; the assistant commissioner of police, who was not to be bounced by his chief inspector; the chief inspector, a sly ass made up to look like an acute and trustworthy fellow; and the Russian *attaché*, alike a social evil and a social success—all these are housed and clothed exactly as they should be; they conform sufficiently to type to make elaborate explanations of their words and actions unnecessary, but their traits are brought out with a sharpness which renders them realisable individualities. If the anarchists seem to fall a little below the supporters of law and order in their level of portraiture, we must ask ourselves whether Mr. Conrad does not know more of those people than many of us do—it may be that he is right and that popular conceptions are wrong; and if the *grande dame* and the Minister of the Crown savour of burlesque we must remember that their originals may have done the same when playing their parts in the real world, for these two persons are not quite the creation of Mr. Conrad's imagination.

The pleasure to those who love a good story, who read novels mainly for the story, and who often regard as the subterfuge of writers who have not much story to tell any long disquisitions upon a political question or delicate definitions of a moral scruple—the pleasure to such readers is very great when a "simple tale" like this falls into their hands. Mr. Conrad means, of course, by his sub-title that he has employed a simple manner of telling, not that the events narrated are of an everyday character, for, on the contrary, the things that happen in "The Secret Agent" are bizarre as well as melodramatic, while the way in which they are made to happen has required great dexterity in composition. The simplicity lies neither in the events nor the planning, but in the author's method. The tale is unfolded without parade of psychology and as directly as possible, with a wholly impersonal pen. Mr. Conrad does the telling, and you do the thinking, with very little indication from him as to what direction the thinking should take. The vast relief of it! "Easy writing makes damned hard reading," said Lord Byron (or somebody else); but that is not the situation here. Nor have we the usual instance of very difficult writing made to look facile by the author's subtlety. It is rather the case of the man who can do much harder things showing that he can undertake a lighter task without falling away from a high standard. The talent is not universal. Here is a picturesque writer, who has set down for us in other works passionate passages in men's inmost lives and tremendous upheavals in Nature, turning from the recording of moral and oceanic typhoons and the describing of the indescribable, to write a detective story, and taking care to do it extremely well, with an ease that never degenerates into slovenliness. Of course, such a book is bound to delight those who love a novel for the sake of the story. It may be said, even by many of those who have read "The Secret Agent" with great gusto, that there is no need to talk so expansively about it—that, at best, to praise it is only to say that Mr. Conrad, who has done greater things, shows, as might have been expected, that he can do less, and that it is hardly com-

plimentary to dwell on a writer's success at the moment when he is lessening his efforts. I know the irritation that is provoked among the friends of an author by praising his simpler works. To prefer "Daisy Miller" to "The Turn of the Screw," "Under the Greenwood Tree" to "Jude the Obscure," "The Sign of Four" to "The White Company," and "The Wrong Box" to "The Master of Ballantrae" is always to run the risk of the accusation of "slighting" the author. But there is no sense in the accusation. It is a perfectly intelligible frame of mind to admire "Le Lys dans la Vallée," and yet to find Vautrin's final escapades more congenial reading. Granted that in making sweeping assertions about one book by an author being better or worse than another we are always doing a careless thing, and trying to erect a matter of personal, and perhaps temporary, taste into a general law, yet the fact remains that a large class of readers love a story for its story; and as they are not all housemaids or invalids who make us this class, many of them possess the strength of body or mind to be doubly pleased if the presentation is good. What accounts for the perennial popularity of "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White," "La Corde au Cou" and "M. Lecoq," and the disappearance into oblivion of all the works of G. W. M. Reynolds and Boisgobey? The telling of the tale. And the telling of good tales is generally simple. There are improbabilities enough and to spare in the incidents of all these four famous sensational novels, but the author's meaning is never in doubt. The mysteries are not deepened either by the inability of the artist to draw or by his uncertainty as to what he should put on to his canvas. They are simple tales, because of the way that they are told.

Cannot more good writers, sound thinkers, and artistic observers have consideration for those who want to "unbend over a novel"—I quote the phrase because I have seen it used as a text for a scornful tirade against a slack-backed class? I write as one of that class. My idea of a novel is not primarily that it should be a work which will instruct me, or widen my sympathies, or move me to better things. I ask, in the first case, that it should interest and amuse me, detach my mind from worries, and accompany pleasantly my tea and muffins on those fortunate afternoons when I can make time for debauch. If it will do the other famous things for me, why, so much the better. Thackeray and Dickens, Balzac and Scott can be read for relaxation alone, although their position in literature is what it is; their works can be unbent over, although they are great masters of fiction, and in spite of the knowledge that the unbending process may lead to occasional lapses in our appreciation of the author's higher aims; why should writers with less claim on our attention than these masters insist on trying to keep us in a strained attitude of respectful attention? Not long ago an author wrote to a newspaper describing the resentment with which he had witnessed a girl on a steamer-deck run her eye in a desultory way down pages the writing of which had caused him aching pain. This was a ridiculous letter, for it revealed in a naïve manner the unfortunate seriousness with which the writer took himself. But there was nothing singular in his consequential attitude. Dozens of decent novelists take up the same; nay, more than dozens, for if we are without archdeacons in the hierarchy of the circulating library, able to instruct us up to a respectable literary pitch. All what may be termed our leading writers of fiction, being properly and nobly filled with other wishes than merely to amuse us, regard as a slight upon their art the desire of a reader to unbend over their books when there is nothing else more pressing to do. It is to be regretted that some of our best

writers of fiction have such fine and uncomfortable ideals of work, so that they are always inspired with the intent to elevate us or to make us sit up; and I believe that a good many publishers share this view. To unbend over a book exactly represents what a large class of readers want to do, and their gratitude to the author who gives them a story which neither irritates them by its absurdities nor hypnotises them by its lofty aims or its psychological subtleties is deep. Why are they given so little to read? Why are there no more such books written as "The Secret Agent"? If it were possible to cross-examine the prominent publishers as to their probable attitude towards the author of a good, straightforward, sensational novel, thoroughly well-planned and thoroughly well-written, their answers would reveal them as not averse from risking the issue. And if, further, we spoke of the matter to the booksellers, in whose behalf it is now understood that the publishers wish to be found acting, it is probable that the booksellers would declare, one and all, that such a book is an easy commodity to sell. And there is a large public ready to buy it. If we have the wholesale and retail machinery ready to sell, and the market ready to buy, the fault of the non-supply must be with the producers.

Our leading writers do not attempt the simple, sensational story; they do not try to give us anything of the thrill that we get when we take from our shelves "Les Esclaves de Paris," "Uncle Silas," "Edwin Drood" (perhaps much of the charm of the last for those who unbend over a novel lies in its not having been finished in some unconvincing way), "Le Fiâcre No. Trieze," or "It's Never Too Late to Mend." The feeling of these leading writers may be that the simple, sensational novel is in some way a trivial or inferior piece of work. They may believe that such productions appeal only in a vulgar way to an uncritical audience; that their author convicts himself of having low aims, and of being still in the 'fifties. Perhaps our leading writers are not quite so absurd as this, but, at any rate, the mere fact that there are scores of abominably bad sensational novels written every year indicates that to write a good one is not an easy task. It is a task that is too hard for those who make a habit of essaying it, and they seem to show that they know their inability to meet the strain upon their intellect. It is impossible to account in any other way for the output of some six or seven prolific writers of the sheerly sensational school. Having industry and inventiveness, these gentlemen and ladies can only fail time after time because they do not try in any definite way to write what it lies within their power to write. Feeling that they have no arts of description, no powers of suggestion, and little knowledge of life upon which to depend, they serve up a hodge-podge of impossibilities and horrors in the hope that all the murders, abductions, arson, soring and regrating will not be wasted—in the hope that some one terrific event will at least capture the attention of a reader. But upon most of us their primitive strategy is wasted, for these are not books that can be read by educated people. The fact that persons can be found to publish them ought not to prevent our leading writers from giving us, now and again, the old sort of sensational novel, part of whose charm lay in an excellent construction, while the possibilities of the plot were made the most of by due exercise of literary craft. May Mr. Conrad's example be followed! May some of the other writers who stand in public esteem as high as he does—they are but a small band—be moved to give us occasionally a simple tale on the old-fashioned lines! Affectionate regard and much money awaits the skilful author who is not above meeting the demands of those who want to unbend over a book.

S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

## JAPANESE FAIRY TALES—II.

HERE is a story that, psychologically, touches profound issues. It is about a haunted house, and it is told in this manner:

"You must learn that in the East there are two sorts of hauntings, the Shi-ryo and the Iki-ryo. The Shi-ryo are merely the ghosts of the dead; and here, as in most lands, they follow the ancient habit of coming at night only. But the Iki-ryo, the ghosts of the living, these may come at all hours, and they are much more to be feared.

"Now, the house of which I speak was haunted by an Iki-ryo. The man who built it was an official, wealthy and esteemed. He designed it as a home for his old age, and when it was finished he filled it with beautiful things, and hung tinkling wind-bells along its eaves. Artists of skill painted the naked, precious wood of its panels with sprays of blossoming cherry, and plum, and figures of gold-eyed falcons poised on crests of pine, slim fawns feeding under maple shadows, herons flying, and iris flowers blooming, and long-armed monkeys clutching at the face of the moon in water—all the symbols of the seasons, and of good fortune.

"And fortunate the owner was. Yet he knew one sorrow, he had no heir. Therefore, with his wife's consent and according to antique custom, he took a strange woman into his home that she might give him a child—a young woman from the country, to whom large promises were made. When she had borne him a son she was sent away; and a nurse was hired for the boy that he might not regret his mother. All this had been agreed to beforehand, and there were ancient usages to justify it. But all the promises to the boy's mother were not fulfilled when she was sent away.

"After a little while the rich man fell sick, and he grew worse thereafter day by day. And people said there was an Iki-ryo in the house. Skilled physicians did all they could for him, but he only became weaker and weaker, till at last they confessed they had no hope. The wife made offerings and prayed to the gods, but the gods made answer: 'He must die, unless he obtain forgiveness from one whom he hath wronged. And undo the wrong by making just amend. For there is an Iki-ryo in your house.'

"Then the sick man was conscience smitten, and sent out servants to bring the woman back to his home. But she was gone, lost somewhere among the forty millions of the Empire. And the sickness grew ever worse and worse, and the weeks passed in vain. At last there came to the gates a peasant, who said that he knew the place to which the woman had gone, and that he would journey to find her if means were given him. But the sick man, hearing, cried out: 'No, she would never forgive me, because she could not; it is too late.'

"And he died.

"After which the widow, and the relatives, and the little boy abandoned the house. And strangers entered thereto."

Curiously enough, and herein lies the interest of the tale, the people spoke harshly of the mother of the boy, holding her to blame for the haunting. Yet an Iki-ryo goes forth without the knowledge of the person whose emanation it is. There is nothing voluntary about the sending forth of this spirit. She, from whom the Iki-ryo proceeded, was not blamed by the people as a witch. They never suggested that it might have been created with her knowledge. They even sympathised with what they deemed to be her just plaint. They blamed her only for having been too angry, for not controlling sufficiently her unspoken resentment, because she should have known that anger secretly indulged can have ghostly consequences."

This story is told as illustrating an Oriental belief. Yet we, in the West, are not without our traditions of the consequence of evil thought. They have taken shape in the belief in the Evil Eye, only with us, this truth, which is none other than the power of conscience, suffers the same inversion as in this story from the East. The finality and despair in the man's exclamation "She would not, because she could not," had less relation to the woman, had he known it, than to himself. It was because he, though perhaps half consciously, knew he was to blame that he had lived all those years with a weight on his prosperity, and had at last succumbed to its force.

In the tradition of the Evil Eye the illiterate mind, sensible of having warred against its diviner self, attributes its disease to the exerted will-power of the injured. So superstition, growing from a twisted portion of truth, like fungus upon a living tree, regards the results of self-condemnation as an active spirit of revenge.

There is a saying in our religion that touches on this theme, disowning, as it does, so completely any personal correction, any idea of an avenging God: "I judge him not, but the word that I have spoken judgeth him."

Its message is of the spiritual sequence of thought and act—a force, some may think, influencing even the outward circumstances of our lives.

In the existence of the Shi-ryo, who are, as this story so pleasantly says, merely the ghosts of the dead—in the existence of the Shi-ryo you may, or you may not, believe. But the Iki-ryo, the ghosts of the living, these, surely, are true? But it is lives they haunt, not houses.

To the self-accusing there may be irony in the austere compassion of the words: "And let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man that shall be more faithful unto thee than it."

PAMELA TENNANT.

## MENANDER

THE large new pieces of Menander found in Egypt, which have been so eagerly awaited, have now been published by M. Lefebvre, with the aid of M. Maurice Croiset; and all students will offer to him and the French Institute their warm thanks and congratulations on a discovery of so great importance. We have here no less than 1,300 lines, in several large fragments. If they still deny us the material for estimating Menander's management of a whole play, there are nevertheless complete scenes which show us very clearly his light touch and vivacity of style. But, as M. Lefebvre recognises, before we can appreciate them fully, there is much restoration and correction to be done. *Bis dat*, as he says, *qui cito dat*: he promises us presently a facsimile, and then a second edition embodying what other scholars can contribute. One such contribution I make here.

P. 9, vv. 40, 47 *Τίβειος*: so in *frag* 231 read ἐνθυμία, *Τίβειος* (for *βίειος*), τὸν δοῦλον τρέφει, and in 331 δλλ' οὐ *Τίβειον* (for τὸν βίον) νῦν ἵστας δει φροντίσαι. v. 57 ἐρια

P. 35, v. 10 εἰ δή σε 32 κα]θέσαι σου 41 ἐκπρίσων 129 φήσι 139 [δὲ καὶ] ἐπεξιόντος τάδικεν (i.e. τῷ ἀδικεῖν) μέλλοντί σοι. 150 αἰσχύρά 192 η' μοι δός, αὐτῷ ἡ' εἰ παρέχω σῶν 258 ἐνέπαιστε· καὶ μο]ν γάρ 261 αὐτῇ θ' [όμον συ νέταιζον 263 παιδά γ' 273 ἀπολολεκού (ορ—λέκει) 278 εἰ γάρ ἐστ' θευθέρας παιδός, τί . . . τὸ γεγονός; 280 ητίς ἐστίν, 281 ἐμοὶ σὺ οὐ σὺν; read νῦν σύνθελε? 294 παιήση 301 τάκειγ (rather than τὸ γ' ἐκείνη) 310 ως δ' ἀναδῆς ησθα 326 πάτων γ' ἐμαντή σ' αἴτιον ἡγήσομαι τούτων. 333 μετέκεις ορ μεθέκεις 340 ως ἐπέπεισθ' ὅτι 382 ινα καὶ τύ γ' ἀλλα 433 νιὸν δε καὶ 435 κατὰ μόνας 442 νή τὴν φίλην Δήμητρα 451 περιμείνω . . .; 460 σε (ορ ισθι?) ταῦτ' ἐμοὶ φρονεῖν 488 ἀπαγαγεῖν σαντον παρ ἀνδρὸς θυγατέρα 504 οδῆ, ως ἐγ ωματ 507 νυν

δ' . . . καὶ ἀπαντ' ἀγαθά ορ ἀπαντα τάγαθ'. ΣΜ. ιερόσυλε γραῦ, τί φήσι: 517 εἰ τοῦτο ἀληθές

P. 113, v. 31 ὥπο τού <τού>, 43 ινα οὐτος ἀφίκοιτ' ορ ἀφίκητ' 58 τάντανθα κρύψη 83 οὐνγ (οι οὖν οὐ) κατὰ τρόπον 87 ποι 107 [όπως] ἔχει 110 ἐνδυμαθ, οἱ ἐφαίνεθ, ολα δ' (i.e. φανεῖται), ηνίκ' ἀν . . . οὐ γάρ ἐσρακέν γε πω 114 λαλῶν. ΠΑΤ. μὰ τὸν Δέ (deleto οὐδὲν) 117 οὐκ ἐκφερεῖσθε 118 εἰσπεπρήσκαι μοι. νεοττιὰ δ' οὐκ ἀν δίναυτ' ἀν ἔξελειν 141 αὐτὸς ἐμελέτων λόγον (for ἐμὲ λέγων). 145 ἔγνωκας εἰδεῖν 147 τοῦτο μοι. Παραχρήσεται. τοῦτο <γε> γελοιον; 151 Εγώδα γ', ἀλλ' ἀρισθ' οὐτως ἔχεις 168 ἔχθραι τε πρα[όντως] φέρειν

P. 149, v. 52 ὕσθ' ὅτι μὲν αὐτῆς ἐστι τοῦτο 70 δοκεῖς γ' ἔμ[οι, νὴ τὸν θεο]ίς 81 'Ερέ τις καλεῖ; Ναΐ, <γαν> χτ. 94 'Εγώ; μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον, μὰ τὸν 'Απ[όλλω, γώ μὲν οὐ 115 [ὴ] ναγκασμάν]ος 124 κούκ ὄντ' ἐν ἑαυτοῦ· πολλὰ δ' <έξ> εργάζεται [τοιαῦτ'] 159 διὰ τοῦτο ιμάτι καὶ—160 τοιοῦτ' ἦν <πι> 178 for ἑταῖραι read ἑτέραι 183 τάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς τύχης ἔγω 192 τί ποτε (deleto οὐτι) τὸ γεγονός; 203 πάντα, τέλος ἔχει τὰ πράγματα; 238 σεαντόν 243 μικρὰ μετ' ἔμοι . . . καὶ σεαντόν διάλαβε οὐν ἀκέρκας λεγόντων, εἰνέ μοι, [σὺν πώπο]τε . . . χρυσὸς δ Ζεὺς ἐρρίη 255 ἐστ' ορ θείον δ' ἀκριβῶς ἐστι 261 παιδας 263 σὺ δ' ἀποφαυλέζεις (or rather ἀποφλαυρίζεις) σεαντόν; (οτ—ιεῖς) 268 ποιήματ' ἄπτα (or ἦν τὰ) παρ' ἔμοι 289 περιπτέον 317 ποιει 320 μον ἐνθαδι 322 προσ—οτ (πεισ—) θύροιμ ἀντῷ πιθανὸν εἶναι δεῖ μόνον. 327 διὰ κενής (for διακενῆς) σαντὸν παράττεις, ἐμὲ δὲ 329 θυμία (or some form), not οὐ μία 336 ὄντως; ιδι 338 μῆδησητ', 341 οὐχεῖτ', εἰ 383 οὐκ ἀηδής (for ἀτελῆς), ως ἔουκεν, εἰμ' ιδεῖν, οὐδὲ δὲντυχεῖν 388 ἐστιν, 400 "μὴ καὶ τι τούτων" φήσι, ["δε παιδάκικον; 401 *Dele* καὶ 403 φῆσι", "ικοι. ἀλλ[θεὶς] 409 ΔΔ. μὰ τὸν 'Απόλλω τοιούτοι, as 251, where give the phrase to Demeas. 417 ΔΔ. μὰ τὸν 'Ασκληπιόν. 434 οὐκ ἐστι γάρ ταῦθ' 440 κακοδαιμόνον οὐτως δεσπότην . . . ω τῆς π[ατρ]ῆς 445 ἀν ἔξ δοῦ θάττον [πάλιν] ἐλθη, παραχῆν οἰαν ποιήσει 454 τίς πόθεν; 474 καὶ τετρωβόλους καλεῖς; "Επαιζον. <ώς> σκατοφάγος εί.

WALTER HEADLAM.

## IN DEFENCE OF DREAMING

TWENTY philosophers, backed by all their wealth of logic and law, are of no avail against a man in love, for he pits his rhyme against their reason, his transcendent faith against their cold argument, his living, breathing woman against their chiselled statues, from which no rosy ray of dawn can ever strike the music of dreams, and, somehow, he has the best of it. Let the wise men, if they will, invent unpleasant names for his state of mind—call it sex-attraction, the law of perpetuation, or worse things—the lover, with a fine tolerant laughter, puts them all to scorn—that is, if he be a real lover. And the lover, safe in his enchanted citadel, is only the dreamer *in excelsis*, with the re-awakened mystery of childhood suddenly flung over this world that he views through manhood's eyes; a mystery that enfolds and enwraps his life as the net of shining gossamer, softly falling, veils and enchants the green October meadows. The child and the lover are the two great visionaries. Coventry Patmore had that knowledge at heart when he wrote:

Love wakes men once a lifetime each;  
They lift their heavy lids and look,  
And lo, what one sweet page can teach  
They read with joy, then shut the book;  
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,  
And most forget; but either way  
That and the child's unheeded dream  
Is all the light of all their day.

Let us look at the lover's state of mind. When first he comprehends the sublime and simple thought expressed by Gabrielle Rossetti:

Not in thy body is thy life at all  
But in this lady's lips and hands and eyes—

more often than not he is rendered intensely practical, and will leave his pocket volume behind that he may carry a railway time-table, wherewith to discover how he and she may more easily meet; the time-table has become full of poetry, a book of romance. "If we let romance go," says Mr. Meredith, "we exchange a sky for ceiling," and twice in our lives, when we are children and when we are lovers, we realise this. Those letters which are never written in cold pen and ink—the letters which a woman writes in her heart to the man she loves while she hears the night-hours passing or walks the busy streets—are among life's perfect things. Those words which lovers never say—the words which lie below every conversation, yet which to each one are as assured as though they rang out upon the air—are the perfect language for which no symbols can ever be wrought. Lovers meet life with a song. And why not? In these times, when ninety out of a hundred books are "love stories," and nine out of the remaining ten are thin attempts to break down the divinity of love, there is urgent need, surely, for such singing. We sound the futile profundities of oceans of print with few pearls to show for our diving. Below stairs Em'ly must have her twopence coloured account of the unhealthy amours of the dashing, totally fictitious guardsman and his impossible lady, or their equivalents, crammed with hyphenated adjectives and scenes by moonlight, served up with unlimited cash and, if possible, a murder. There are a dozen such travesties now running in London papers alone. Alys above stairs assimilates her daily *rechauffée* of half a dozen divorce scandals offered between daintily tooled and tinted covers with a tempting name. This is the false dreaming which loses itself in the contemplation of second-hand loves and the tawdry trappings of the author who writes down to it, vulgarising literature as his peer vulgarises the stage—for the sake of a big haul of money. Not always, of course, are those held within its spell to be blamed. They simply worship the god provided, and "there is a long twilight between the time when a god is first suspected to be an idol and his final overthrow."

Consider the child and his visions for a moment. We are so busy making the world smaller, so engrossed in our experiments, our negotiations, our getting and spending, that we are apt to forget how once we used to dream, in spite of the fact that the little inhabitants of that wonderful land wherein we ourselves dwelt for some secure and happy years are all round us. The heart of a child is the sweetest, purest thing in life, and we do not understand it, often do not try. Problems of sin have not touched it; mysteries of sex and sorrow are as yet ahead of it; the skies of children's dreams are the brave skies of morning; the country of their thoughts is the veritable Faery Land, full of

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,  
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist.

To them the dry clatter of blown autumn forest-drift is the scamper of invisible fairy feet; the curled leaf sailing down the stream is a shallop laden with an elfin crew, whose merry steersman, "doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup," laughs farewell and waves his grassy oar as he vanishes round the bend; the garden holds a hundred tiny, wordless voices; half amused, half afraid, they watch the shadows on the nursery wall and fit them with impish names and attributes. It is well for that man and woman who can remember the fantasies of childhood, for they get nearer to the kingdom of heaven in this life than do most people. They are fortunate in that these things have not been wrenched out of them at school, where, as boy and girl, they had to go. Of course,

it is right and proper that they should go to school; but, sorrowfully enough, most children leave then the moonlit rose-garden for the shrubbery; presently the shrubbery gives place to the sandy, shelterless open with its scrubby, stunted undergrowth, which is all most of us can show for gardens, and the cool, green sea-light is challenged and vanquished by the hard, hot glare of day. Our own dreams take us back to "the gold-encircled Island of Once"; the child's dreams take him behind that, to his own fairyland. Fairies do not consort well with algebra and domestic economy; henceforth they only venture near in sleep, happy if they may tarry and dance awhile in that dusky, indeterminate borderland which has never yet been understood. One cannot take notes in dreamland, and memory is deceitful, but it is much better to try to remember than calmly to disregard the echoes that drift and whisper from that strange, elusive country. We become children again in dreams, taking upon us the thoughts, the fears, the gaiety, the helplessness of the child. Our little wagons are again hitched to the stars. And all about us, talking with us day by day, unable to tell one-tenth of their thoughts and speculations, but trying to make us comprehend, are those who live in that land of wonderful adventure, who never for one moment enter our world of grown-up, where the flowers are too often faded and scentless—who cannot. Yet, if we care to, we can view theirs from a distance.

Over the edge of the purple down  
Ere the tender dreams begin,  
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,  
But we may not enter in;  
Outcasts all from her guarded wall  
Back to our watch we creep;  
We—pity us! ah, pity us—  
We wakeful—ah, pity us!—  
We that go back with Policeman Day,  
Back from the City of Sleep.

Mr. Kipling was right; we are to be pitied, and not the children. Sometimes, if we are very much in earnest, we can set the gates swinging, stand with the child's hand in ours, just inside, catch sweet or sad unexpected imaginings, as we might listen to the sound of a fountain in a far-off place.

There was never so much need for real dreamers as there is to-day. The business man, caring only for "his beef, his beer, and his pew in eternity," will laugh scornfully and want to know how his balance-sheet would appear did he give way to dreaming, forgetting that his operations originated years ago in the vaguest of visions, also that happiness is not a necessary complement of a heavy cash-box. First the dream, then the business—there is no irreconcilable incongruity between the two. Paul, one of the finest dreamers the world has ever known, was recognised through the Roman Empire, evidently, as a competent man of affairs, yet we overhear him, as though talking in a low voice to himself, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be"; and again, caught and held and spun in the very vortex of a magnificent dream, "I am persuaded," he shouts defiantly, his eyes shining, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." It is tempestuous, passionate, indomitable. Yet all his dreaming did not prevent him from being let carefully down the wall in a basket from an upper window—most prosaic of exits!—when his life was threatened; or from advising the captain of the ship on which he was a prisoner, when, driving too near the rocks, "they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day."

To fight the ceaseless battle of the living world uninspired by dreams is a miserable, thankless task,

for when it is over there will be sorry work sitting by a burnt-out fire and listening to the dry click of fallen cinders. The state of spiritual destitution in which many people exist to-day is simply amazing. Blind, they live on the edge of a beautiful world, for ever denied the sense which would enable them to perceive it. On the Channel one man sees nothing but the bar and the glitter of whisky glasses; to another the waters are haunted by numberless phantoms of years gone by—ships of Raleigh, white-sailed caravels of Drake, towering galleons from the Spanish Main; the love and strife and passion of men long dead. Life is neither a sermon nor a farce; it is an adventure, a romance, with which a thousand joys and sorrows are entangled. The dreamer comprehends the paradox that "beauty is, in spite of death, in some irrational way, at once divine and immortal." When at last, laying down his lance and shield (for your true dreamer is ever ready to fight for his dreams), he hears old Charon's hail ring with a certain sweet austerity through the glow and lingering light of his vision, he is willing, haply even eager, to take the ferry down in the shadows, steadfast, unflinching, with a smile on his lips and a word of thanks to the gods who let him stay so long. All that happens to him is divinely great; his is the alchemy which transmutes the dross of weariness into the gold of delight; he holds the keys of hell and heaven.

The essential thing, when death comes, is to have dreamed; and the essential thing in life is to be able to dream.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

## EDWARD AND ELIZA: A SENTIMENTAL HISTORY

WHO was Edward? Who was Eliza?

Dear reader (as Edward or Eliza might have said), I can tell you little about them save that they were distressed lovers, and as such claim your pity and mine. Their memory is enshrined in two small octavo volumes bearing the date 1768—two little books of such delightfully unconscious humour, and such delicious naïveté, that 'twere a pity they should be forgot entirely. It was an Age of Sentiment. And from their leathern tomb the voices of Edward and Eliza cry aloud to sympathising ears. Fluent pens they wielded, these lovers in distress. For fate held them apart—aye, and in the end played them such a scurvy trick as would bring the iron into the most sentimental soul.

"Deprived of my dear Eliza's conversation, I receive no small comfort from her letters," writes Edward, deplored his enforced absence from Eliza—due to the behest of the lady's stern parent. Indeed, "so out of humour with society" is the gentle lover that he retires frequently to his lodgings "a mere cynic."

"Can Edward be a Diogenes?" cries tender Eliza in alarm. "The last man in the world whom I should suspect of adopting the manners of a cynic." Alas! Eliza had little reason for optimism. "Locked up from the world in this mournful Mansion House I feel all the misery without enjoying any of the comforts of a monastic life. My vigilant aunt watches me with such cruel assiduity. . . . Ah, trust a woman to get her love-letters through somehow!"

"Charming moralist! Thou art an ornament to thy sex!" Edward exclaims, and in his rapture quotes the lines of old Rowe:—

Oh, were they all like thee man would adore them,  
And all the business of their lives be loving!

Then comes a hideous turn of affairs. From that "lively girl," Sophy, Eliza's cousin, Edward has learned that her stern parent has "admitted old Sir

Luke as a lover" for Eliza, "for the sake of his title and his estate contiguous to his own."

"Have I not reason to be alarmed? Can Edward be composed," he wails, "when Eliza is on the brink of being sacrificed to old age, ugliness, and riches? . . . If I write wildly you cannot wonder."

Of course we cannot, especially as in a postscript to her next epistle, as terrible as it is laconic, Eliza says "Sir Luke is your rival!"

"Racks and tortures! Racks and tortures!" cries the agonised youth, calling on love and heaven to forbid the monstrous union. But the lady only chides him with fond gentleness; is, indeed, a little angry with him for being unhappy about "so contemptible a creature" as Sir Luke, and for "entertaining any doubts concerning my fidelity or my love." She summarises Sir Luke's defects; the catalogue is interesting. He is—

1. "The most hideous object I ever saw on two legs."

2. "Odious to the last degree."

3. "Doubly odious by the ridiculous efforts he makes to render himself agreeable in my eyes."

We must applaud her determination that "rather than encourage his addresses I would submit to the greatest inconveniences."

"Avaunt, my fears! Edward's himself again," sings the lover on receiving this dispatch, and makes a jest of that "lively girl," Sophia, of whom Eliza says coyly, "If she was in my place she would certainly give you cause to be jealous." Happily Sir Luke, in spite of his age, his ill looks, and his superfluity of cash, is a gentleman. Finding he can make no impression on the alabaster heart of Eliza he throws up the sponge. Whereon Eliza graciously says that, though she could not accept him as a lover, she will "always stand up for his behaviour as a man."

"My father," she continues, "frets and fumes like a madman on his disappointment," even deriding Eliza's aunt, whose heart is now enlisted in her unhappy niece's favour. Neither filial affection nor fear can moderate the lover's transports over Sir Luke's dismissal. Another shock, however, awaits the much-enduring Edward. With starting eyes he reads this announcement in his favourite news-sheet:

We are credibly informed that a treaty of marriage is on foot and will be speedily consummated between Sir Charles T. and \_\_\_\_\_.

"Let me not blot the sheet with the sequel!" the maddened youth cries, rending the noxious journal "into a thousand pieces."

"Oh, fy, Edward, fy," Eliza rallies her beloved. For, as you have guessed, the girl of Sir Charles's choice is that agreeable young creature, Sophia. "Correct that self-tormenting propensity in your disposition," says Eliza, "and tear no more news-sheets." Excellent advice, oh, estimable Eliza!

Their discourse, however, is not always of love, for art and literature has each its place, as becomes polite correspondence in the year of grace 1768. Eliza thinks that "there are beauties in almost every page of 'Rasselas,'" but Edward prefers "more cheerful compositions." As an example of his taste he quotes "a little thing of my own" perpetrated some years before, but brought to mind again by the misdeeds of his cousin Jack, "now grown to be a buck." Edward evinces a nice literary Bacchanalianism in his ballad.

"Did I not know you to have more of the milksop than the Mohock in your composition I should set you down as a very formidable buck," is Eliza's refreshing, if disconcerting, comment. She has read the "poem" with double satisfaction by reflecting that "while you wrote it you despised the object" (the Jack aforesaid) "who occasioned it."

Thus enlivened by elegant extracts from the poets and criticism on the people about them the loving correspondence between these dear superlative prigs continues. From it we learn that cousin Sophia has smallpox. When she recovers Sir Charles takes the fever. It is an unfortunate family. "Inflexibly firm and immutably sincere" Edward now signs himself. "Sophy has lost her name" is Eliza's humorous way of announcing that lively girl's wedding. Sir Charles proves a regular brick. He extorts a grudging consent from Eliza's father in Edward's favour. Indeed, things are now beginning to "hum." Edward "takes possession of a very genteel and lucrative employment." Whereon from excess of joy his mother promptly dies. No wonder that the impatient Eliza finds the situation "particularly embarrassing." Nevertheless, she assures the grief-stricken Edward that she feels for him "very sincerely."

At last the interview between Edward and the stern parent takes place. It is attended by the most favourable results, Edward winning golden opinions for his modesty, the stern parent commanding the ardent lover's respect and gratitude. Things are in train for the wedding. But this is an uncertain world, and life is an uncertain thing. On Friday Edward is to arrive. The air seems heavy with the clangour of joy-bells. Eliza's heart leaps with happiness.

Friday has arrived, but not with Friday has Edward arrived!

For God's sake, Edward, when this comes to your hands dispatch the messenger who brought it with the reason of your delay, without staying to write about it: a verbal message will be sufficient, for I shall not have a moment's peace till he returns. The poetical ravings of distracted lovers are nothing to the pangs which at this instant tear the heart of your

ELIZA.

"To this letter," says the editor of the correspondence, "no answer was returned; no answer could be returned." For Edward had been "seized with a fever in his head, which in a few hours put an end to all his prospects in this world." Eliza came to her lover, but "too late to hear him articulate." He expired in her arms a few moments after her arrival, and we agree with the editor "that those whose hearts are not devoid of sensibility will imagine the situation of Eliza at that juncture, without the assistance of any rhetorical flourishes to heighten their compassion."

Poor Edward! Poor Eliza! My tears fall in sentimental tribute on your leathern tomb.

ANTHONY L. ELLIS.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Book of Living Poets.* Edited by WALTER JERROLD. (Alston Rivers, Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.)

*New Songs.* Edited by FRED G. BOWLES. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Call of the Homeland.* Selected and Arranged by R. P. SCOTT, LL.D., and KATHERINE T. WALLIS. (Blackie and Son., Limited, 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. JERROLD'S volume appears to a flourish of trumpets. "Every contemporary poet of distinction" (so runs the publisher's advertisement), "from whose pen verse has been recently published, is represented." The "poet of distinction" having been differentiated from the mere versifier, it was with a shock of surprise that we discovered that such names as George Meredith, Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, Lord Alfred Douglas, W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," John Bannister Tabb,

A. E. Housman, Moira B. Neill, George Francis Wilson, Madame Duclaux, and "Olive Custance," were apparently consigned to the latter category. Does Mr. Jerrold seriously imagine that the verses of Mr. Charles Kennet Burrow are likely to have a more permanent influence on the future of English poetry than "The City of the Soul," or that the absence of the author of "A Shropshire Lad" from these pages is amply atoned for by a selection from Miss May Bate-man's elementary experiments in the art of versification? Mr. Jerrold, indeed, continues to convey the impression that he has no real liking for poetry at all, and that the few good poems in this volume are the result rather of accident than of deliberate design. His selections are scarcely less amazing than his omissions. The poet who wrote

We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres,

is represented by the dreary didacticism of "The Things that are More Excellent." We have, it must be confessed, two fine poems by Mr. Robert Bridges, but we miss

Her beauty would surprise  
Gazers on Autumn eves,  
Who watched the broad moon rise  
Upon the scattered sheaves.

But, as Mr. Jerrold truly says, "it is inevitable that a selection of the kind must in a measure represent the individual preference of the compiler."

"New Songs" is described on the title-page as "an anthology of contemporary verse." The majority of the verses included in the volume have never before been published, nor, indeed, would they have ever been (it is safe to assert) but for the somewhat superfluous industry of Mr. Bowles. The most promising of them hardly reaches the level of current magazine verse, but we have frequently encountered work of finer quality in the "poet's corner" of some provincial newspaper. With the best will in the world, we cannot regard "New Songs" as a success. It is badly produced, badly edited, and, for the most part, badly written.

It is a pleasure to turn to such a volume as "The Call of the Homeland," which is far and away the best anthology of patriotic verse that we have yet seen. The compilers have permitted themselves a wider range than the late W. E. Henley in "Lyra Heroica," or Mr. Langridge in "Ballads of the Brave." The longing for home of the sea-weary exile, the changing seasons, the triumphs of peace, the charm of the English countryside—these, no less than "the sound and splendour of England's war," find expression in the poems included in this volume. There are but few omissions of any importance, and full justice is done to modern and contemporary poets. Mr. Henry Newbolt, for instance, has no fewer than ten poems, while Messrs. A. C. Benson, Laurence Binyon, Walter de la Mare, Alfred Noyes, and William Watson are all well represented. "The Call of the Homeland," indeed, helps us to realise that the spirit of poetry has not vanished from the land of Shakespeare and of Keats, a fact we were in danger of forgetting after having read Mr. Jerrold's "Book of Living Poets."

*The Happy Moralist.* By HUBERT BLAND. (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. HUBERT BLAND is an ingenious person, and this collection of essays ought to command a ready sale in suburbia. His style is affected, and his periods often clumsy in the extreme, but the same criticism may be urged against practically all modern essayists, and Mr. Bland certainly succeeds in persuading the unknowing

reader that his laboured perorations are spontaneous clevernesses, and that he is a profound and able thinker offering the fruits of an after-dinner chat in the smoking-room. That is very clever of Mr. Bland, and we admit and almost envy his cleverness in this direction, for he knows that he is scarcely the profound and able thinker of his pose, and that the fruits of his after-dinner chats would be much less likely to find favour in the eyes of Mr. Werner Laurie than were these studied essays. His conversations here are well done, though their apparent insouciance—paradoxical though it may sound—betrays, at times, traces of the wet towel. If Mr. Bland would be more natural, he would be, for us, at least, more readable. He would not then (we quote at random) write this sort of thing quite as often as he does:

And yet I don't know—that's where it bothers me; if the poet is right—and poets usually are right in the main—and it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, is not one bright February day all to the good even though March winds clarify our skins?

Or this:

Rather, just now, would I remember that if February passes and March comes, come also May and June and high midsummer with its pomp and pageantry. Good heavens! if we can get a trifle of comfort from the contemplation of the seasons, in the name of common-sense let's do it. I will, at any rate, so here goes. And (good heavens) might not Mr. Bland have stopped short at that foolish pretence of ignorance so common in young men and judges, and in so doing have spared us painful variations of old and outworn jokes? Did it never strike him that that nice particularity in the matter of cabs is more than a little snobbish; that even though, as he tells us, he has never been to Peckham, it suggests that he cannot rise above Peckham's standard, and that Peckham should really have the privilege of numbering him among her distinguished sons? And did it not occur to him that "The Happy Flycatcher," would have been a more appropriate title than the one he has chosen? For Mr. Bland's time is spent in catching and analysing flies; he would never, we feel sure, approach too near an uncaged lion. However, he is occasionally entertaining and is never dull, and his work is all very suburban and smart and respectable. Mr. Bland should run an Academy for Young Ladies (or the Daughters of Gentlemen)—preferably at Peckham.

*Storia do Mogor, 1653-1708.* By NICCOLAS MANUCCI, Venetian. Translated, with Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM IRVINE. Vol. III. (John Murray, 12s. net.)

THE third volume of this interesting series carries on the story of Manucci's adventures through several stages of his curious experiences in India, and fully maintains that simple form of narrative which the translator has caught with considerable spirit and accuracy. The notes show profound study of the works of contemporary and later writers, and are in every case elucidating and illuminating. The quaint details of local customs and habits of thought bring a new light to bear upon the India of the period, and they are enhanced by some excellent coloured plates. Those of the Hindū Cosmogony, the plan of a Hindū temple, and particularly the fanciful portrait of the God Agastya are especially interesting.

## FICTION

*The Unpardonable Sin.* By JAMES DOUGLAS. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

THE Irish poet still seeks inspiration in damp fairies and lachrymose minstrels, but the prose writer is to-day the most intensely modern of novelists, having long since abandoned the use of the legend and other

characteristically Irish sentimentalisms. Mr. James Douglas belongs to this new school, and in his first novel he gives us a study of life in Belfast, sparing us none of the realism of pessimism until he grows tired, and without any warning takes the reader into the clouds. It would seem that Mr. Douglas started out with the intention of writing a realistic story on the lines of Mr. George Moore, but, discovering his limitations, decided to introduce romance, and, as a result, "The Unpardonable Sin" is a complete failure. To say otherwise would be doing an injustice to a man of Mr. Douglas's abilities, for one who has been for years pointing out the deficiencies and mistakes of contemporary novelists ought surely to be able to avoid some of the elementary errors common in "first novels." Mr. Douglas begins with the birth of Gabriel Gordon in the city of Bigotsborough, a thin disguise for Belfast. Having brought his hero into the world he devotes several pages to hysterically summing up the good and bad points of Belfast, and in the course of this we learn, first, that Belfast is a city with a soul, and, secondly, that it is a city without a soul. The contradiction must be explained by the author, who makes each statement with consistent bluntness. Orange riots and *other* religious disturbances for which the northern capital is notorious are well described by Mr. Douglas, who appears to know thoroughly the model city of the vast army of English philanthropists which is attempting to "convert" Ireland. Gabriel Gordon is one of the "converted," and in due course leaves business for the ministry. He is not successful, however, for he dislikes outrages on the persons of those who profess another religion. Consequently the self-styled followers of God drive him out of the city and back to the Scarlet Woman, whose introduction completely alters the course of the story. She is a woman of immense wealth and vast influence—the sort of person Mr. William Le Queux might be expected to know. She loves Gabriel, who does not love her, and, to tempt him back, she builds a cathedral on the banks of the Thames and installs him as minister at a salary of £100,000 a year. It is all so absurd and uninteresting as to be unworthy of criticism, and the reader soon catches the spirit of boredom which induced Mr. Douglas to seek refuge in the ridiculous. The woman who can alter the destinies of Europe at will has been long since the puppet of the writers who spell literature with an £, and it is a pity Mr. Douglas did not keep to Bigotsborough instead of bringing Gabriel and Aideen to London. Of course the fiery preacher and his League of Humanity had to find an opening in London, but this mixture of Father Vaughan and General Booth advocating the creeds of the *Morning Leader* is the least original part of an unoriginal book. Mr. Douglas seems to know too much to be really original, and his quotations would fill several chapters, but a dictionary of quotations would not make a very interesting serial story. "The Unpardonable Sin" will not occupy a prominent place amongst the two thousand works of fiction published during 1907, and its author should confine himself to his critical work for the future. After all, it is the easiest profession in the world—when such novelists as Mr. Douglas are about.

*The Wine of Life.* By MAUD ANNESLEY. (Lane, 6s.)

MISS ANNESLEY has the ability to write a pleasant novel about pleasant people, if she would be content to be simple. She is able to endow her characters with a certain degree of charm, and that is a considerable gift. She takes pains over the details of her work in a way that shows that she takes her work seriously, and executes it with care. But in the present novel, which appears to be her first, she has aimed at achieving a

great study of passion, freed from all conventional trappings, and has succeeded in being feebly sensational. Lady Uli Branton is quite a charming person when she is not dragged into impossible love scenes; we like to accompany her and Dorry on their travels. Their gaiety and happiness when they make the acquaintance of the French artists at Versailles is delightfully contagious; their adventures in Hungary are well told. We agree with most of her ideas, too, about love; but when the attempt is made to lift the story into the passionate sphere, it fails signally, and is comparable only with the foolish sensational ending. This is a great pity, because nearly all the characters have an agreeable semblance of vitality (except the Hungarian lover, who walks straight out of the cheapest melodrama), and we are interested in them and like them. If Miss Annesley would cultivate the gift she has and leave sensation to its proper place in the feuilleton, she would write a very pretty story.

*The Plains of Silence.* By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW. (Cassell and Company, Limited, 6s.)

THE title of this book is the best thing about it, but it would make an admirable feuilleton for the *Daily Mail*, or some other halfpenny paper, where style is a matter of no importance. As a novel bound in cloth and priced at six shillings it is absurd.

*Partners of Providence.* By CHARLES D. STEWART. (Duckworth, 6s.)

AMERICAN humour is not popular in England for a variety of reasons, but mainly because of its extreme artificiality. This charge, however, cannot be laid against "Partners of Providence," which is quite the best Transatlantic importation we have seen for some time. Mr. Stewart tells the story through the medium of a fifteen-year-old boy, and Sam Daly makes a first-rate interpreter. Of course, we have the crude grammar—needlessly inaccurate in some places—and slang of the river, whilst the boy shows all the 'cuteness' tradition ascribes to the American youth. His adventures begin with an offer of five hundred dollars for the finding of Mrs. Valdes and her daughter, and, accordingly, he tours the Mississippi and Missouri in the quaint American wheat-boats, amongst their even quainter inhabitants. An amusing account of a show-boat, a sort of water-circus, is very entertaining, especially to readers who know nothing of Mississippi theatricals. Professor's Lagorio's "Consolidated Aggregation and Floating Musee" is our old friend the village circus transferred to a river boat, and the professor's eccentricities and the home life of his troupe are treated with a seriousness by Sam that only adds to the humour of his account of life behind the scenes. The boy, anxious to get to New Orleans, and finding the professor's boat the only one available, readily assents to taking the rôle of the Human Dictionary, and meets with great success, probably due to the fact that every page of the dictionary handed to a member of the audience for the purpose of examining the marvel is the same. But these incidents form only a small part of a long book. There is a capital account of negro ways, together with reproductions of their sacred songs, which consist of one line, repeated in the manner beloved of American evangelists. The chapters dealing with Sam's adventures in New Orleans are also very good, and the story of Clancy's search for work in London is characteristically American. Splendidly illustrated by Mr. C. J. Taylor, "Partners of Providence" is altogether an admirable production, and artist and author are to be heartily congratulated on the result of their collaboration.

*A Devil's Bargain.* By FLORENCE WARDEN. (John Long, 6s.)

ANOTHER "Florence Warden"! As the fat boy of Dingley Dell, so this indefatigable authoress, faint but pursuing, still persists in her self-appointed task of "making our flesh creep." The fact that she succeeded only too well in more than one of her earlier works does not make "A Devil's Bargain" any easier to read. We must confess to having skipped some of the more tedious portions of the book. The plot, though simple, might have been made the groundwork of an eventful story, if the reader's interest were not clogged by the wooden banality of the characters. The book is full of people who only exist in the pages of "shilling shockers," where they certainly lead a fairly strenuous life. Miss Warden's work does not, or did not, belong to this class of fiction, and she has shown herself capable of more skilful character drawing than this.

*The Sacred Herb.* By FERGUS HUME. (John Long, 6s.)

THE sacred herb is a plant used in religious ceremonies by the inhabitants of Easter Island. Mr. Fergus Hume's story would lose half its point were we to give away the plot here; it is enough to say that the herb plays a large part in the two murders which form the main interest of the book. There are other mysterious properties: a green domino and a jade-handled paper cutter, while the characters in the story (and they are many) are more mysterious still. Of the real "villain" there is no doubt from the beginning. Slim, dark, with furtive eyes, more than a dash of black blood, and an unrequited passion for the lovely heroine, there can be no question as to his character, but whether he himself committed the murders is another matter, and the secret is well kept until the end. Though belonging to a type of novel in which the plot is necessarily the main object, the success of Mr. Hume's books has always depended to a great extent on his very life-like characters. "The Sacred Herb" is no exception to this rule. Though he has an unusually large cast, each member of it is interesting, and endowed with a distinct personality.

*The White Rose Mystery.* By GERALD BISS. (Greening, 6s.)

WHETHER Mr. Biss is really serious, and intends this story as a warning to the House of Hanover, or, on the other hand intends it simply as a work of the imagination, will matter little, we think, to the ordinary reader. They will be content to enjoy the excitement of the narrative and not distress themselves about its possibility. Such of them, though, who are Jacobites may feel inclined to be annoyed at Mr. Biss; but even the most convinced of these will probably not sympathise with the methods of Mr. Biss's Society of the White Rose.

Mr. Biss's idea is ingenious. It so happens that the "heir" to the English and Scottish crown at the date of his story is a capable and energetic young man, worthy to be king. A Society is accordingly formed in England for the purpose of establishing this youngest of the Pretenders on the Throne of his ill-fated ancestors. Cabinet Ministers belong to this Society, which is headed by a Royal Duke and Duchess. The proselytising methods of the Society are delightfully simple. They consider the Home Secretary would be a useful addition to their ranks. They accordingly bring him, all unconscious and unsuspecting, to a meeting, and state their case. He refuses, and is

promptly murdered on his way home, and his body—with a white rose in the coat—discovered next day. Such means are simple and effective so long as no mistake is made. How discovery eventually comes and consequent failure the curious will discover by reading the book. If they do this they will certainly not be bored. They may at times be moved to smile, but certainly not to yawn.

*The Spanish Prisoner.* By MRS. P. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (Nash, 6s.)

WHEN Señora Paloma Cuevedos learned to fence she qualified at once for the strenuous life she is called upon to lead by her biographer. Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny tells a romantic story in "The Spanish Prisoner," and from the time the girl is waiting for news of the expected Spanish and French victory at Trafalgar to the last chapter, where she is claimed by the gallant English officer, the narrative is most exciting. Paloma's cousin, to whom she is engaged, has gone to fight the English, but the battle of Trafalgar upsets his calculations and those of the girl's, and he is taken prisoner and sent to England. The girl, however, does not forget him, and immediately begins a campaign amongst her relatives with the object of securing Gonzalo Cuevedos's release. She is referred to an adventurer of the name of Diego Var, and after a harmless duel and other incidents, she is about to accomplish her task when she suddenly meets her cousin on Spanish soil. The girl quickly guesses that Gonzalo has escaped by breaking his parole. In her indignation she orders him to return. He declines, and "the scene changes." Porchester is the next scene, and we are introduced to the war prisoners' quarters, with the announcement that the Spanish officer who dishonoured his name has voluntarily returned. Then follow numerous exciting incidents, among them a duel in which the Spanish prisoner wounds the bully, Captain Sinclair. But the most important character is Eustace Mitford, who solves the prisoner's secret, and when the disguised señora is released by Diego Var and returns to Spain, Mitford follows her and wins her as his wife soon after the girl has discovered that Diego won a fateful promise from her by means of loaded dice. She is, therefore, free to become Mrs. Mitford. "The Spanish Prisoner" should prove the most successful of Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny's books.

## D R A M A

### "CUPID AND COMMONSENSE" AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

WITH the performance of Mr. Arnold Bennett's play the Stage Society have scored another success, and discovered another dramatist, for Mr. Bennett uses his medium—that odd mixture of clumsiness and delicacy—with astonishing dexterity, when it is remembered that he has not had the opportunity of seeing one of the many plays, which he has actually sold, performed until now.

The scene is laid in the Five Towns which Mr. Bennett knows so well. Eli Boothroyd is a stern parent and a stern man of business, a widower, and a miser. He lives with his two daughters, Emily and Alice. It is Alice's twenty-fifth birthday, and accordingly he hands over to her the large fortune which her mother left her, and tells her, among other things, that old

Dad Beach, who has just resigned his post of superintendent of the Sunday school, owes her five quarters' rent for the works, which are part of her property, and that Willie Beach, his son, is coming to call that evening about the matter. He instructs her what to say to him. Ralph Emery is also coming on the business of a partnership, in which she must join with him to the amount of £2,000—there is money in the scheme. She sees the two young men, who meet on the way and arrive together. Willie Beach begs her for yet another month's respite; Ralph Emery begs for her hand in marriage. She grants both their requests. The star of Ralph rises, and the star of Willie Beach sinks, sinks pitifully. His father and he forge a bill when old Eli refuses to hear of postponement: and the father, fearful of discovery, commits suicide. The lower Willie sinks the greater is the pity which Alice feels for him. She saves him from prison by burning the bill, thereby incurring the undying hatred of her father, and tells Willie what she has done. You are made to feel that if Willie were to raise a finger she would go with him to Canada, where she implores him to try his luck again. But Willie calls her an angel and goes alone. That is the end of the third act. Mr. Bennett has drawn a faithful dramatic picture of the life in the Five Towns: none of the characters are in any way exalted, but all are living people, admirably observed and depicted. The fourth act is a complete surprise and a complete success, though it is a daring change, in that he relies for his effect wholly upon dramatic irony. Six years have elapsed. Alice has become Mrs. Emery and Mayoress. Prosperity shines on her. She is waiting for guests to come to the mayoral reception, with Ralph's aunt and her sister; old Eli comes in: he has grown a crazy miser, and desires to borrow a shilling off anybody. Then enter Willie Beach, fat and prosperous, with the American millionairess—a Pittsburg girl who has married him for his wistful blue eyes, about which Alice has not ceased to dream. Prosperity has made the weak man blatant. "How he has changed!" says Alice. "Not a bit: he's exactly the same Willie Beach," cries Ralph's aunt, who knows the whole story, and congratulates Alice on her disillusion. "Willie Beach married," says the sound, dull Ralph, entering in his mayoral robes. "Well, come along." The curtain falls and the play leaves you with the idea that where a choice does exist between Cupid and Commonsense (Cupid grown beyond a fanciful boy allows no choice), for the Land's sake, as Mrs. Willie would say, choose Commonsense.

The play was remarkably well acted. Whoever cast Miss Sybil Noble for the part of Emily has capacity for his business little short of genius. Who else could have looked a girl of fourteen in one act and a young woman of twenty in another with such complete success? Mr. Bennett certainly set a problem for the caster, and is no doubt properly grateful that it was so brilliantly solved. Her performance, too, though inclined to exaggeration, was excellent. Miss Lucy Wilson, though she has a name in the provinces, is not so well known in London as her performance of Alice Boothroyd proved that she deserves to be. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, who in some ways is quite the cleverest actress on the stage, and whose art has far greater scope than is realised, gave a finished and beautiful little study of the Beachs' old servant, Miranda Finney. Mr. Fisher White gave a brilliant, restrained rendering of Eli Boothroyd. To his performance in the first acts the success of the play was largely due. Mr. Walter Pearce, as Willie Beach, and Mr. Nye Chart, as Ralph Emery, did good work, but did not play the characters quite as well as they were written. Miss Mary Brough was good as Ralph's Aunt, though she did not convey quite sufficiently the

old woman's personal charm, and Miss Hazel Thompson was in the last act as dashing and gushing as the Pittsburg heiress should be.

Altogether it was a performance of which the Stage Society should be proud, and Mr. Frank Vernon deserves much praise for the production which was his work, and which was as nearly faultless as is possible.

H. DE S.

## CORRESPONDENCE

OUIDA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The painful news relative to the death of Ouida is full of pathos. Since the date of my recent letter to THE ACADEMY, July 16th, it was only a question of a few months, when, as the *Giornale d'Italia* put it, "she awaited the embrace of death after experiencing all the sorrows of life."

Wonderfully little is known of this writer, so completely have her last days been shrouded in obscure *Village Communes*. But of all the discoveries of those who do not know the strangest is surely that of several penmen who assert that Ouida accepted pecuniary aid from the Italian Government. Such a false estimate of her conduct and opinions would be impossible had they known Ouida's nature as expressed in her writings. Moreover, Italian Governments are not made of stuff elastic or generous enough to support their hostile critics. The Depretis, Melegari, and Crispi rulers of modern Italy felt the lash of Ouida's castigation too deeply to kiss the hand that held the rod.

By the way, I see with satisfaction that an article in THE ACADEMY of 25th inst. is, as I hope, the harbinger of a school of writers who may have courage to kick against the figment called "the traditional friendship" of Italy to England. For a vaporous soap-bubble this phrase has lasted to satiety!

If the fable of Ouida's acceptance of Italian aid gains belief and solidarity, let me recall that a similar pretext was evolved in the Italian Press by a statement that Mr. W. J. C. Moen's ransom was refunded by the Italian Government's payment of £6,000 to the brigands at Salerno who captured him. I was authorised by Mr. Moens nearly thirty years ago to deny this fraudulent assertion, which I did by means of a letter published by the *Gazetta d'Italia*, formerly printed in Florence.

I will concentrate a few extracts from twenty or thirty letters written by Ouida to me, if you can find space for them, and again ask if a proud, self-willed woman could bend her haughty spirit to accept aid of any kind from the men who have long governed Italy so wrongfully:

Sept. 29 (?).—All the conditions of Italy have been totally changed for the worse since the events of this May. The prisons are crammed with starving men; thousands will never leave them alive.—OUIDA.

Jan. 6 (?).—I thought your letter on Paola L— admirable, and sent it to her. Stillman is impudent, as the Prince of Liars always is. Here he is universally despised, but in England and America he seems to be accredited. Of course, he hates me, for I have constantly exposed his falsehoods. [So did I, in the *Bath Chronicle*.] None of the difficulties of the country is being solved, and I suppose things will go on until there is another revolt, and so on, *da Capo*. Many thanks for your sympathy.—Ever yours, O.

Nov., 1898.—It is almost impossible to get anything published which injures the prestige of their beloved ally, Italy. I have scarcely any belief in there ever being a good Government here. The evil is in the national character. Besides, every hectare of land is loaded with debt, and usurers, mostly Jews, are masters of the soil.—Ever yours, OUIDA.

Dec. 2 (?1898).—I could supply you with odious facts concerning the hateful . . . if you care to reproduce them. They put enclosed in *Morning Post*, much to my surprise. Kindly return.—Ever yours, OUIDA.

Nov.—Thanks very much for all you send me. Mr. Cook sent me tardily two copies of my letter. The thought of the destruction of the Roman cemetery is sickening, like all else. It makes Rome to me so intensely painful that I have ceased to go there. The prisoners are to be supplied with papers and ink, and allowed to spend one franc on food per diem. But the —— of the long, black, bitter nights is unchanged. Rudini could

have turned out the Cabinet last week; what a fool not to do it!—Ever yours, OUIDA.

June 28.—What can one hope to do with Stillman? The *Times* and *Post* give him big print, and affect to believe all he says. His propaganda for Crispi in the English Press is disgraceful to the Press. He always replies that his opponents know nothing, and considers that conclusive. [Precisely as he answered me, rudely.—W. M.] I have never got at the root of the English idolatry of Crispi; it may be because he is the enemy of France. I am very glad to hear you are better and stronger.—Ever yours sincerely, OUIDA.

I stop my quotations as my strength fails me to continue. I daresay these scraps, mostly dated incoherently from S. Alessio, near Lucca, will convey a just idea of the beautiful character of Ouida to people who only know her from her romances.

Her sympathy with the oppressed and her love for dumb animals remain, to my mind, her insurpassable claims to our everlasting approval.

WILLIAM MERCER.

January 27.

CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Last autumn Charles van Lerberghe passed away in his native Ghent, the town of still waters and dreaming churches, where he had spent his life. A grateful and tender word is due to the memory of this musician of delicate verse.

He was born in 1861. A studious boy, he was nothing of a prodigy. Later, a doctor of philosophy and letters, as well as a poet of tender and charming talent, he always held himself aloof from literary groups and coteries of mutual admiration. His first published work was a play, *Les Flairours*, acted at Brussels in 1890. Lerberghe respected the public sufficiently to offer them only what he considered truly finished and worthy of himself. Success rewarded him. And this saddened him somewhat, for he was of those rare spirits who rather fear for the plant of glory to cling about their names. He would willingly have been forgotten.

Lerberghe wrote with deliberation, and left his early verses with regret, seemingly pained at the thought that he must write and love others later. It was only at the urging of his friends that he consented, very tardily, to publish *Entrevues*. In 1904 appeared *La Chanson d'Eve*. Up to then his name had been known in a restrained and discreet way. This poem brought him fame, and when, the next year, the Théâtre de l'Œuvre played his *Pan*, a mythological piece, curious and tormented, the Ghent poet was no stranger to the Parisian audience. He was putting the last touches to a new gathering of poems, when death, the inflexible, came.

Lerberghe read much—Banville, Musset, Poe, Baudelaire—but he imitated no one. His mood at times approaches each of those poets, but it is only with Verlaine and Samain that he has a close affinity. Like those divine poets, he sings of the sweetness of loving and of the beauty of life. Like them, he has a delightful lack of energy, and even in his most ardent verse a philosophic preoccupation is suggested. Throughout his work he is looking back at life, and the things of life that interest him are the pale evening, the clear blue mist that kisses the dying lips of summer, the eastern bark in which :

S'en revenaient trois jeunes filles,  
Trois jeunes filles d'orient.

Une qui était noire  
Et qui tenait le gouvernail  
Sur ses lèvres aux roses essences  
Nous rapportait d'étranges histoires  
Dans le silence.

Une qui était brune  
Et qui tenait la voile en main  
Et dont les pieds étaient ailés  
Nous rapportait des gestes d'anges  
En son immobilité

Mais une qui était blonde  
Qui dormait à l'avant,  
Dont les cheveux tombaient dans l'onde,  
Comme du soleil levant  
Nous rapportait sous ses paupières  
La lumière.

Again, he trembles with the unknown anguish that comes over us with night. None, in fact, of the subtler human emotions escapes him. A poet has said of him :

Jamais son pas égal n'hésite au carrefour,  
Car la marche qu'il suit dans la vie est guidée  
Par le même visage et par la même idée.

And, indeed, he was always faithful to his lofty motto :

N'aime que la beauté et qu'elle soit pour toi toute la  
vérité.

CTE. SERGE FLEURY.

#### "COCKNEY RHYMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My protest against these, countersigned by you as Editor, has elicited no reply. Users of these rhymes have not come forward to defend them. Yet some high authority might have been quoted in their support. Mrs. Woods, embodying Oxford and London culture, in her preface to "A Princess of Hanover," contends that they are allowable. Prof. Leaf, representing Cambridge scholarship, in the preface to his "Versions from Hafiz," asserts that, except in provincial English "r" is never sounded before a consonant or a mute vowel. The Professor, apparently, does not frequent theatre or concert-room. Has anyone ever heard a singer declaim, "Ahm, ahm, ye brave," or an actor shout, "My kingdom for a hoss"? And should not poetry postulate a deliverance at least as careful as that of the stage or the concert platform?

But the matter does not end with rhymes; other evils follow neglect of phonetics. A gross case of critical ineptitude has been quoted in a weekly journal since I last wrote to you. Mr. Herbert Trench, in his "New Poems" (p. 46), has this line :

Nor shall one law to unity restore.

One of his reviewers actually objected to this line as containing triple repetition of the same vowel-sound, evidently reading it "Naw . . . law . . . restaw." Is not this monstrous, and does it not open a dismal prospect of what is in store for poets? Their music is to be analysed by critics whose ideas of elocution would disgrace a Board School.

The Greeks had a weakness for the sound of "e." Even in classical times this showed itself, while in modern Greek I understand that at least three diphthongs and two vowels have taken this one sound, so that *poluphloisboio* is now *polephlees-beeo*. Do we want English to undergo like debasement? If not, let us maintain distinctions between our vowels, recognising for example that *for*, *fore*, and *flaw* contain three different vowel-sounds, not one and the same. Let any critic who confounds them be discredited, any poet who makes them homophonous be pronounced defective in ear. A little more exactness in discriminating between closely allied sounds can do no one any harm, and will help in some measure to preserve unimpaired the language we received from our fathers.

January 25.

T. S. O.

#### "TELEGRAPH" AS AN ENGLISH WORD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Telegraph as an English word probably did not come into use until the end of the eighteenth century, perhaps later. As a child I well remember the line of telegraphs between Portsmouth and London, the last in the series placed on the roof of the Horse Guards. The telegraph was a lofty post with four movable arms. The code probably was somewhat similar to that of the flag-waving signals now in use in the Army. Reliance was placed on them during the long war to give notice of any sign of invasion. They were used for transmitting naval and military matters or any official message requiring despatch. Their successors in its early days were always distinguished as the "electric" telegraph.

January 27.

P. W.

SIR,—The word is in Todd's Johnson (1827). Todd copied it from George Mason's "Additions to Johnson," printed in 1801. It had even then been in use for some time. Of course, the reference is to the old semaphore system by means of posts with arms. There was one that conveyed news from Dover to London. One of the stations was at Forest Hill, and I have myself often seen it at work. See the article on "Tele-

graph" in the English Cyclopædia, where there is a reference to an essay "on the Telegraph," which was "reprinted at London in 1797."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

#### THE HON. JAMES WINNEGATE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your Journal is usually so accurate that I venture to draw your attention to an error which has crept into the last paragraph of your 380th page. It is there stated that a puppet in a play "cannot be the Hon. James Winnegate and at the same time the cousin and heir to the Earl of Kerhill." I beg to suggest that James's father was a law-lord or an Indian viceroy. *Sors tertia manet*: James endured the awful ignominy of serving as a member of some Colonial Parliament and visited Birmingham on behalf of the Little Loaf.

JIM CROW.

#### MUNICIPAL GALLERY OF MODERN ART, DUBLIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with very great interest Mr. Rutter's article in THE ACADEMY dealing with "The Administration of Municipal Art Galleries."

It is gratifying to find one who is so well qualified to speak with authority giving such enthusiastic commendation to the works which Mr. Hugh P. Lane has brought together and which we citizens of Dublin now proudly possess. There are two points, however, which Mr. Rutter emphasises, and which, I think, are specially important in regard to the future well-being of our Municipal Gallery. The first is that the executive and purchasing power should be entrusted to one man. Mr. Rutter writes :

Both as a whole and in many particulars this Modern Art Gallery in Dublin is a striking vindication of the policy of entrusting the formation and extension of public galleries to a single mind. Committees always end in compromises; compromises usually result in the triumph of mediocrity.

The second point is this: that the right man should be appointed, which can only be assured by the competence and qualifications of those who elect him.

I do not profess to know anything of the composition of the governing bodies of other municipal galleries, but I think the Corporation of Dublin has acted wisely in providing that the constitution of the Libraries' Committee, which is the authority empowered to deal with the management of our Gallery, shall be so altered "that there may be added thereto (for art purposes) two persons nominated by the Royal Hibernian Academy, two by the National Gallery—from their members or directors—and four nominated by the Modern Art Gallery Committee."

I fully endorse all that Mr. Rutter has said as to the paramount importance of entrusting the formation and extension of public galleries to a single mind. We cannot, I think, over-estimate the extraordinary good fortune which has given us here the untiring zeal and selective and widely-sympathetic range of appreciation to which Mr. Lane's achievement testifies. We feel confident that as long as the directorship remains in his hands the character and standard of our Gallery will be upheld. Mr. Rutter's article raises the serious question as to his successor, which, of course, must some day be faced. Mr. Lane's post is an honorary one, undertaken with enthusiastic unselfishness. In a comparatively poor city, such as Dublin is, it is unlikely that in the future such a salary could be attached to the post as would enable us to attract the most highly qualified, and so the question of future directorship is one of special importance to us.

The article further insists on the necessity of having a "policy" guiding the director in all such galleries as ours. This opens up a wide and difficult question. The policy of an individual director will be always defined and recognisable if he be a man of personality, but a consecutive policy, maintained by successive directors, is hardly to be hoped for. Mr. Rutter seems to define his meaning of "policy" as a settled intention to make each gallery eminently representative of the work of one master or of one particular school, and says :

People go to Scotland to study the Raeburns as they go to Holland for Rembrandt; to Birmingham for the pre-Raphaelites as to Venice for the Venetians.

What, then, should be the political attitude of our future directors? (Mr. Rutter will confess that the word "policy" is an unfortunate one in an Irish connection!) Long may Mr. Lane hold the helm for us here; yet, however much we may hope for good results in the future with the representative governing body which we possess, one cannot but remember how many a splendid personality has been wrecked on the treacherous rocks of Irish administration.

January 28.

R. CAULFIELD ORPEN,  
Hon. Sec., Municipal Gallery of  
Modern Art.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## MISCELLANEOUS

*The Pocket Ruskin.* Edited by Rose Gardner. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.

Hackwood, F. W. *Old English Sports.* Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

Trowbridge, W. R. H. *Mirabeau, the Demi-God.* Unwin, 15s. net.

Nightingall, Arthur. *My Racing Adventures.* Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d. net.

Fraser David. *The Marches of Hindustan.* Blackwood, 21s. net.

Hamerton, J. A. *In the Track of R. L. Stevenson and Elsewhere in Old France.* Arrowsmith, n.p.

Aldis, Janet. *The Queen of Letter Writers.* Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.

Crane, Walter. *India Impressions.* With some Notes of Ceylon during a winter tour, 1906-7. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

Miles, Eustace. *The Power of Concentration.* Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.

Masson, John. *Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet.* Murray, 12s. net.

*The Letters of Robert Schumann.* Selected and edited by Dr. Karl Storck. Murray, 9s. net.

Rands, William Brighty. *The Young Norseman.* David Nutt, 3s. 6d.

Dare, Phyllis. *From School to Stage.* Collier, 1s.

Francke, The Rev. A. H. *A History of Western Tibet.* Partridge, 2s. 6d. net.

Besant, Annie. *London Lectures of 1907.* The Theosophical Publishing Society, 2s. net.

Browne, Edith A. *Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them.* Black, 3s. 6d. net.

Austin, Alfred. *Lamia's Winter Quarters.* Black, 7s. 6d. net.

Bourne, George. *Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer.* Duckworth, 6s.

Polak, S. *The Theory and Practice of Perspective Drawing.* University Tutorial Press, 5s.

Harrison, Austin. *England and Germany.* Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

Lee, Vernon. *The Sentimental Traveller.* Lane, 3s. 6d. net.

Graham, Sir Reginald. *Foxhunting Recollections.* Nash, 10s. net.

Austin, Alfred. *The Garden that I Love.* Second Series. Macmillan, 5s. net.

*The Century Magazine.* May to October, 1907. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.

*The Vision of Aridæus.* By G. R. S. Mead. Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.

*The Hymn of Jesus.* By G. R. S. Mead. Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. net.

Colum, Padraig. *Studies.* Maunsell, 1s.

Stocker, R. Dimsdale. *Seership and Prophecy.* Samurai Press, 2s. net.

Ward, John J. *Some Nature Biographies.* Lane, 5s. net.

Calvert, Albert F. *Granada and the Alhambra.* Lane, 3s. 6d. net.

Dargan, Edwin Preston. *The Ästhetic Doctrine of Montesquieu.* Baltimore; J. H. Furst, n.p.

Hutchinson, W. M. L. *The Golden Porch.* A Book of Greek Fairy Tales. Arnold, 5s.

Charles, M. *The Story of Faust.* The Theosophical Publishing Society, 5s. net.

Wendell, Barrett. *The France of To-day.* Constable, 6s. net.

Robson, A. W. Mayo. *Cancer of the Stomach.* Nisbet, 4s. 6d. net.

Slaughter, Frances. *"The One" Dog and "The Others."* Longmans, Green, 5s. net.

Archer, William, and H. Granville Barker. *A National Theatre.* Duckworth, 5s. net.

Isaacson, The Rev. Charles S. *The Story of the English Cardinals.* Elliot Stock, 6s. net.

Williams, E. Crawshay. *Across Persia.* Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.

Anderson, Sir Robert. *Criminals and Crime: Some Facts and Suggestions.* Nisbet, 5s. net.

Hill, Joseph. *The Book Makers of Old Birmingham.* Birmingham: Cornish, 7s. 6d. net.

Crosland, T. W. H. *Who Goes Racing?* Collier, 3s.

*Leaves from the Note Book of Lady Dorothy Nevill.* Edited by Ralph Nevill. Macmillan, 15s. net.

Bleackley, Horace. *The Story of a Beautiful Duchess.* Constable, 21s. net.

*Gleanings After Time.* Chapters in Social and Domestic History. Edited by G. L. Apperson. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.

*Virgil's Messianic Eclogue.* Three Studies by Joseph B. Mayor, W. Warde Fowler, and R. S. Conway. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Robinson, W. *The Garden Beautiful.* Murray, 7s. 6d. net.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Spirit of the People.* Alston Rivers, 5s. net.

*The New Century Sunday School.* The Discussions, edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. Frank Johnson. Sunday School Union, 1s. net.

*The Book of Fair Women.* By Federigo Luigino of Udine. Translated by Elsie M. Lang. Werner Laurie, n.p.

Harrison, Frederic. *The Philosophy of Common Sense.* Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.

*Letters of Dr. John Brown.* Edited by his son, D. W. Forrest. Black, 10s. 6d. net.

*Cradle Tales of Hinduism.* By the Sister Nivedita. Longmans, Green, 5s. net.

Dickinson, Captain F. *Big Game Shooting on the Equator.* Lane, 12s. 6d. net.

*The Golden Humorous Reciter.* Seeley, 3s. 6d.

*Golden Thoughts from Thoreau.* Lane, 1s. net.

Gibson, Elizabeth. *A Book of Reverie.* Lane, 1s. net.

Pirie-Gordon, C. H. C. *Innocent the Great.* An Essay on his Life and Times. Longmans, Green, 9s. net.

*Love-Letters of King Henry the Eighth.* Griffiths, 1s. net.

Crawford, F. Marion. *Gleanings from Venetian History.* Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.

Roberts, Charles G. D. *The Haunters of the Silences.* Duckworth, 6s. net.

Biddulph, Colonel John. *The Pirates of Malabar and an Englishwoman in India Two Hundred Years Ago.* Smith, Elder, 6s. net.

Seymour, Thomas Day. *Life in the Homeric Age.* Macmillan, 17s. net.

Smith, Bertram T. K. *How to Collect Postage Stamps.* Bell, 6s. net.

Stopford, Francis. *The Toil of Life.* Being a collection of essays on the philosophy of joy and pain. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 5s.

Redfern, Percy. *Tolstoy: A Study.* Fifield, 2s. net.

Holland, Clive. *Things Seen in Egypt.* Seeley, 2s. net.

Lilly, W. S. *Many Mansions.* Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net.

*The New Word.* Owen, 5s.

Merz Teresa. *The Junto.* With introduction by W. F. Lord Andrew Reid, 3s. 6d. net.

Golf. Greening, 6d. net.

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